OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1837. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 50.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Park—THE AUGUSTA.—The rush has already commenced for tickets to the benefit which this lovely actress is to take next week. It must be grateful to the vanity of Augusta to recal the manner in which she has so won upon the feelings of all, as to ensure the crowded house that we feel sure will be in attendance on the occasion. The *role* in which she has appeared before a New York audience, had been pre-occupied, and worthily filled by a rival, who had already acquired a general popularity. Celeste, with a rare knowledge of her profession, a person uniting strength and vigor with singular grace and ease, with features possessing the utmost powers of expression, (though perhaps a shade too grave for *Zoloe*), and the finest eye in the world, had brought out The Maid of Cashmere at the National, in unwonted splendor. The press had heralded the occasion in befitting terms, and especially was this done in quarters where approbation thus pre-acquired was the safest guarantee of final success. The result was a brilliant run of the piece, crowds leaving the doors nightly unable to find admittance.

In the meanwhile, one Madamoiselle Augusta was modestly announced in the trifling interlude of *La Danse des Naiades*. The press was silent, no one had heard of this second-born Euphrosyne, and if any reliance was to be placed in the judgment of the manager, "she couldn't be much," as the ticket boys say. Her execution in that little dance was sufficient to fix her excellence on the minds of the few judicious spectators of her debut. But the applause reached not the ears of the press. The Editors of the Times showed their accustomed taste, however, when they did once see her;—they were charmed, and soon said so, being about the first to do justice to her merits. We, of the Spirit of the Times, were euthusiasts "from the word *go*," and cried aloud and spared not in our efforts to do justice to the neglected fair one. Yet how inadequate was our flattering prose to tell of her unequalled grace, her sweet and quiet beauty.

Nevertheless, after a long time it was whispered about that Mr. Simpson was to bring out the *La Bayadere*, as he best knew how, and that Augusta was to enact Zoloe. From that moment we knew her success to be secure. Perfect justice was done the opera in all respects, so far as money could do it, and the *material* be found in the country. A full house attended the first representation, prepared to judge of it by a comparison with the same opera at the other house. The decision was not a moment suspended;—the effect produced by the beautiful Augusta as she first bounded upon the stage, buoyant with life and grace, her eye lit up to an unusual brilliancy, by apprehension as to the result. The applause was instant and hearty, and she repaid the enthusiastic cheers with a grace entirely bewitching, her face radiant with smiles of joy and triumph, and suffused with blushes that lent a deeper color to her soft cheek.

From that moment she has been a decided and successful favorite. Nothing has been heard of the same opera at the other house, while at the Park, on the off nights, in the midst of the engagements of Ellen Tree and Power, it has drawn houses always respectable in number and in character, and frequently overflowing, And each night has Augusta gained upon them by her unaffected grace and beauty. Her next benefit, we need not say, will be crowded; it will likewise be brilliant and fashionable, such as she so well deserves.

Mr. POWER's benefit on Monday was crowded from pit to gallery. At the fall of the curtain he was called for, when he came forward and made his acknowledgments in very felicitous terms, which was responded to by three enthusiastic cheers from the audience as he retired.

Miss EVELINE COWAN's benefit on Wednesday was well deserved, and cheerfully accorded by a full and fashionable house. Several wreaths were thrown at the feet of the pretty beneficiere, and the entertainments went off with great eclat.

Miss ELLEN TREE opened on Thursday as *Julia*, in The Hunchback, after a very successful engagement in Philadelphia. Knowles' new play of *The Wrecker's Daughter* has been received by Mr. SIMPSON, who will produce it ere long, with Miss Tree as the fair heroine. During her present engagement, Sergeant Talfourd's classic tragedy of *Ion*, which has for some time been in rehearsal, is to be brought out with great splendor, Miss T. playing the principal character, which is one peculiarly adapted to her attainments and rare personal gifts.

National.—The new melo-dramatic opera of *The Pirate Boy* was produced at this house on Thursday with signal success. The music is selected in a great measure from Bellini's *Il Pirati*, to which Mr. WATSON has added selections from the other eminent composers of the day. It is well got up, and after a few "full dress rehearsals," (and the first repetitions of so difficult an opera are nothing more,) will no doubt answer the expectations of all concerned.

"A Young Gentleman" made "his first appearance on any stage" at this theatre last Wednesday, as "the crook'd backed tyrant." He (the debutante) thinks that the audience could not appreciate him, and repeats the old story, in such cases made and provided, while the audience, good-natured souls, laughed first at his folly, and then considerately, in theatrical parlance, "damned" him. We are assured it was an out and out no go, but that will not prevent the unfortunate wretch from exclaiming bitterly during his lifetime, against the coldness and want of generosity displayed by his fellow countrymen towards "native talent."

Bowery.—On Monday the grand spectacle of *Hernani*, or *The Fatal Oath*, is announced for the first time, with all the scenic effect and gorgeousness for which this house has been characterized. The piece is neither more nor less than the play of *Zampa* revived—an old book re-bound, with a new title-page. However, Dinneford has "gone his death" in getting it up, and deserves to make money by it. By the way, Dinneford put his name up for a benefit last evening, and had a full house beyond a doubt. Mlle. Augusta, Miss Groves, Eaton, Jones, etc., appeared on the occasion, to say nothing of Miss Waring, perhaps the cleverest woman, at present, on the New York boards.

Franklin.—The houses have been rather "shy" since the sleighing commenced, but a new wrinkle by JOHN SEFTON would make it all right. Novelty alone will draw at this season, Mr. Manager.

Richmond Hill.—This snug little theatre is doing "unkimmon," the old play which had so long a run here—"The Manager in Distress"—having been shelved.

Equestrian Circus.—Additional novelties have been produced since our last, and the house is pretty well attended.

Mr. JOHN MASON, one of the most popular members of the stock company at the Park theatre, met with a sad accident last Sunday evening, by having a severe wound inflicted on his hand with a Bowie knife, through the heedlessness of a friend. Mr. M. nearly bled to death before a tourniquet was applied, having lost *eight* pounds of blood. The accident occurred at the Globe Hotel, where Mr. M. is still confined, though out of imminent danger. A great degree of sympathy is felt for poor Mason throughout the city.

The number of "Roscius Societies," to say nothing of the "Garricks," the "Forrests," and for aught we know, the "Jim Crows," have increased, and are multiplying to an alarming extent. The daily papers have lately been rife with reports of the breaking up of several of these "nurseries of native talent," the last of which reads as to wit:—

A number of young candidates for the sock and buskin—young apprentices—have been for some time doing the heavy business in Orange-street. On their last performance, Venice Preserved, the master of Jaffier and Pierre made his first appearance on the boards as the Ogre, and bore off the two heroes of tragedy, to the extreme surprise and consternation of "*a numerous and highly respectable auditory.*"

By the accidental omission of the little word *week*, which should have been affixed to *Monday*, in a paragraph of our's last Saturday, Miss CLIFTON has been posted off to Boston by our contemporaries just a week before she started. Had they acknowledged the source of their information in the premises, with the other paragraphs burglariously and feloniously abstracted from our poor sheet, we should owe them an apology, but as it is, we care just as much about it as the Connecticut deacon did for the loss of his wife, who told his clergyman when he came to console him, that he had become perfectly reconciled, "and on the whole," said he, "I don't know but I'm glad of it."

Mrs. GIBBS played Cinderella for Walton's benefit at the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, last Tuesday, to an overflowing house.

MR. FORREST'S VIRGINIUS.

FORREST closed his engagement at Drury Lane, with his performance of *Virginius*, in which he acquired new laurels. One of the London papers in noticing his arrival, indulged in the following budget of puns:—

"We do not know what talent Mr. Forrest may possess, but we sincerely trust, that in making his *bough*, and up to the time of taking his *leave*, he may experience due encouragement. *Forrest* ought to be *au fait* at every *branch* of his profession; and as America has done justice to the English *Woods*, England in return ought to bid welcome to an American *Forrest.*"

To return to his Virginius. Here's the best critique upon the enactment we have seen:—

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Forrest took his benefit last night, playing Virginius for the occasion. In no part, perhaps has the actor's figure and general bearing been shown to such advantage; the massive, yet compact form, the bold free drawing of his frame, (to speak in painter's phrase), the surprising strength and the ponderous grace with which his fine frame disposes itself, made a perfect picture of the Roman hero. He looked in his war dress like a figure from Trajan's pillar, or one of Polidoro da Caravaggio's triumphant victors. The manly frankness of the soldier, his honest audacity, were felt and well expressed by the actor, and his potent limbs bore out his hearty defiance of all danger most amply. Truly, he appeared of such a build, that he could have grappled with Death himself, and trampled him under foot. In the earlier scenes, where domestic ease and parental affection blend with the martial roughness of the warrior, Mr. Forrest pleased as much. The picture scene was full of familiar touches, and truth of feeling. In the passages too, where Virginius prepares for the dreadful rescue of his daughter's honor, the calm natural tone of voice gave a terrible significance to the brief arrangements for the deed. When he sent Icilius to join his friends, for instance, Mr. Forrest delivered the command in that tone of calm urgency which people assume under an impending calamity; giving to monstrous events an air of frightful common-place. The last act we thought less successful; there was a degree of physical exaggeration in the expression of madness not quite in good taste.

Knowles played Dentatus. The bluntness, the sarcasm, the uncouth benevolence of the veteran, were admirable; but we are apt to associate the idea of greater bodily power with Dentatus, to take him as a model of Roman prowess; and Knowles seemed, therefore, to want bone and muscle for the part. Miss Taylor was Virginia, and she acted with much talent and sensibility; but she had an overweening desire to do more for the sake of sense than she is impelled to do for the sake of heart—she is more anxious to show cleverness and ingenuity than feeling, and so she defeats her own success by trying to outdo her natural powers. The effect is great, but the effort is greater, and so the effect dwindles in the comparison. Could she but be content with what she can actually do, she would have less reason to be discontented. The rest of the parts were very ill cast, and some portions of the play went off very feebly. Mr. Matthews is a respectable and useful actor; but he looks so very much *un*-Roman in Appius Claudius, and is so deficient in animal spirits and lusty imperiousness, that the ground-work of the story lost in probability what it gained in odiousness, by the tame and premeditated viciousness of the Decemvir. Such a man as Mr. Matthews's Appius, was not the one to carry his schemes of luxurious outrage by public force, and in the face of danger—more especially when opposed to such a presence as that of Mr. Forrest in Virginius.

If perchance this rainy and inclement weather has checked the "flow of soul," or ruffled the spirits of any of our fair readers, (remarks the Georgia Courier,) we would beg leave to commend the following lines, from one of our sweetest poets, to their special attention:—

"*It rains*—what lady loves a rainy day?
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve;
Who blesses God that she has friends and home;
Who in the pelting of the storm will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night, and reads aloud
To a young brother tales he loves to hear:
Such are not sad even on a rainy day."

Pleasures of Friendship.—Dr. McHenry's Poems have been issued once more from the Philadelphia press; and if we may judge from the favorable notices of the public journals, with more profit to the author than ever. We are glad to see this good feeling everywhere springing up towards the Doctor, who is really a clever man and a fine poet, notwithstanding his unfortunate attempts at criticism in the American Quarterly Review, and other popular periodicals. This is the seventh edition of his works, and no single production ever ran through so many, that had not decided merit.

FARMVILLE, (Va.) Jan. 19, 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—I discovered in looking over the Richmond Whig of the 17th inst., an extract from the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, giving an account of the Vicksburg races, and immediately under that account, a Maryland correspondent's request relative to the *Arabian Horse* bought at public auction in Washington city by a Virginian. He wished to know how that horse has distinguished himself, also the address of the owner.

I have only to say, his colts are large, handsome, and of course, very promising. He has improved very much, and is quite a popular horse. Many consider him superior to any of his species they have ever seen. It seems to be questioned by some of the knowing ones, whether his get will be distinguished as turf horses.

My address is Farmville, Prince Edward, Virginia.

Yours, &c., THOMAS FLOURNOY.

Pedigrees for the New American Stud Book.

The following colts and fillies, purchased at the annual sale of yearlings, bred at the Royal Stud, at Hampton Court, were imported into South Carolina in the Fall of 1836, by Col. WADE HAMPTON, of Columbia.

No. 1. Bay colt, *Monarch*, bred by His Majesty, William IV.—foaled 1834, got by Priam out of Delphine.

No. 2. Bay filly *Lily*, bred as above, foaled 1834—got by The Colonel out of *Fleur-de-Lis*.

No. 3. Bay filly *Ella*, bred as above, foaled in 1835—got by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augustus.

Jan. 2, 1837

Pedigrees of Stock imported in 1835 by JOHN ROUTH, Esq. of Natchez, Miss. and bought for him by Mr. Richard Tattersall, of Hyde Park Corner, London.

No. 1—*Only That*, br. m., bred by Sir John Gerard in 1830, got by Partisan, out of Scribe, by Woful, out of Scratch, (sister to Scandal), the dam of Tam o' Shanter, Scuffle, Scurry, Splinter, Skilful etc., by Selim; her dam by Haphazard, Precipitate, Calibri, by Woodpecker—Camilla—with a colt foal at her foot, by Belzoni, and covered again by Dr. Syntax.

No. 2—*Volant*, b. m. bred by Mr. Ridsdale in 1833, got by Velocipede, out of Charity, (the dam of Fettorn, Sevillian, Valiant, Veronica, Venelia, &c.) by Tramp, out of Euphrosyne's dam, by Shuttle, Drone, &c. &c. Covered by Glencoe.

No. 3—A chesnut colt bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1835, got by St. Patrick, out of Maria, (sister to Emma, the dam of Trustee, Guardian, Agnes, Mundig, winner of the Derby in 1835), by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipater, Beatrice, Sir Peter, &c. &c. St. Patrick, (winner of the Great St. Leger in 1820), was got by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Highflyer, &c. &c.

No. 4—A bay filly bred by Mr. Ridsdale in 1835, got by Tramp, out of Marchesa, (sister to My Lady, the dam of Jereed,) by Comus; her dam by Delphini, out of Tipple Cider, by King Fergus,—Sylvan by Marsk.

No. 5—A sorrel filly bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1835, got by Merchant, out of Mandelina, (the dam of Esprit, Muzee, &c.) by Cervantes; her dam Mary, (the dam of Neva,) by Sir Peter, Diomed, Desdemona, by Marsk, &c. &c.

The above Stock came over in the *Formosa*, Capt. Mitchell, in charge of John Peck, who deserves great credit for the condition in which he landed them. It is with great pleasure I state, that Mr. Routh, as well as the connoisseurs who have seen him, think that Mr. Tattersall has been very happy in his selections, especially of the colt and filly.

Natchez, Miss., Jan. 9, 1837. A YOUNG TURFMAN.

Mr. J. H. H., of Greenville, Va., is respectfully advised to procure a copy of Skinner's Stud Book, wherein he will readily find answers to most of the questions propounded in his letter of the 2d inst. To give him the dams and sires, and g. g. dams and g. g. sires of the ten or twelve horses he names, with "some of their performances," would occupy more time than we can possibly spare. However, we will employ some one to run over the English Racing Calendars and Stud Books for him—if he desires it.

AN ESSAY ON MORALITY.—Some little time ago, the censors of the press were exceedingly wroth with a Mr. Walgrove, whose wife had applied to the Court of Chancery for a divorce. The answer to her petition for a release from bed and board, was a charge of infidelity to her husband; and our readers may remember our report of the trial of a feigned issue before Judge Edwards, which the Chancellor ordered as the means of ascertaining whether the imputations against her were true or false, as she could not obtain relief unless she came into court with clean hands. In that suit Mrs. Walgrove came off victorious; her husband was described as a base defamer of a meritorious and exemplary woman, a deserter of a faithful and affectionate wife, and every epithet of scorn and contempt was heaped upon him, for attempting to impugn a morality which was immaculate, and beyond attaint.

But mark the sequel! On Wednesday evening, Mr. Assistant Alderman Erben received information that a certain house in Orange street was not conducted on the most orderly principles; and he, therefore, deemed it within the limits of his duty to make certain inquiries into the nature of things, and the code of ethics taught there. In the course of his perquisitions in this establishment, he observed Mrs. Walgrove in an extremely confidential *tete-a-tete* with a married gentleman. They were safely deposited in the watch-house; and the Alderman and his posse proceeded in their researches, when they found six other married women in a similar situation, the companions of each being married men—but not their husbands. Further we do not wish to proceed; and we only mention the foregoing in justice to a man who has been very shamefully assailed on very unworthy grounds.

New-York New Era, of Saturday.

THE COCKPIT

By Pierce Egan, esq. author of "*Life in London*," "*Book of Sports*," etc.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had *bet*,
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died to have their *winding* sheet!
Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a *challenger* began to crow!

The Origin and Antiquity of Cocking.—This is so evidently of Grecian original, that the inhabitants of Delos and Tanagra were lovers of this sport at a very early period, when several cities of Greece were eminent for their magnanimous breed of chickens. It was adopted by the Romans about 471 years before the Christian era; or, according to some authors, immediately after the Peloponnesian war. They had likewise a breed of hens at Alexandria in Egypt, which produced the best fighting cocks; but though it is certain that these fowls, at first, fought full feathered, it was not long before feeders were made use of, as in the modern mode. But, at Athens, cock-fighting was partly a *political*, and partly a *religious* institution, and was there continued for the purpose of improving the valor of their youth, and by degrees became a common pastime, as well as in all other parts of Greece.

On the other hand, the Romans paired quails, as well as cocks; and, according to Herodian, the first quarrel between Bassianus and Geta arose about the fighting of their quails and cocks; notwithstanding this, the Romans did not match the latter till the commencement of the decline of the empire.

It is not positively known when the pitched battle was first introduced into England; we have no notice of cock-fighting earlier than the reign of Henry II. William Fitz-Stephen describes it then as the sport of school boys on Shrove Tuesday: the theatre was the school; and the schoolmaster, it seems, was the comptroller and director of the sport. The practice was prohibited in the 39th of Edward III.; but became general under Henry VIII., who was personally attached to it, and established the cock-pit at Whitehall, to bring it more into credit. James the First was so remarkably fond of it, that, according to Monsieur de la Bodenie, who was the ambassador from Henry IV. to this king, he constantly amused himself with it twice a week. Under Elizabeth, it was not less in vogue; and the learned Roger Ascham then favored the world with a treatise on the subject. There was then a pit in Drury and Gray's Inn Lanes, and another in Jewin-street; but the practice was a second time prohibited by an act under the Protectorship in 1554.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That Cocking——

Such were the words of the late Lord Byron; therefore, the inference to be drawn from them perhaps is, that the *fancy* of his lordship was not attached to the Cock Fighting; but, nevertheless, as the saying is, Lord Byron (it was well known to his most intimate friends) was "fond of seeing everything that was to be met with in life." His lordship, it is presumed, did not wish to plead *ignorance* upon any subject as a man of the world; neither that such a feature had escaped his notice as a person of observation. This, in some degree, may account for his Lordship's "dropping in," as Paul Pry would observe, into a cockpit—rather to be a "*looker-on*," as a matter of curiosity, than to partake of it as a diversion. However, be this as it may, we are well assured that sports of all kinds are mere matters of taste, and "one man's meat is another man's poison." The subject of Cock-fighting has been too long before the public to require any defence of it from our hands, we shall, therefore, merely use his Lordship's words as the best answer we can give to those persons who are inclined to be a little too *fastidious* respecting the above sport:—

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion;
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all *reasoning* out of season.

A Cockpit, like a race-course, in a sporting point of view, is free for every person; and selection of company is entirely out of the question. The noble Lord, and the *needy* Commoner, are both at home, after they have paid their *tip* for admission; and persons who enter the pit to sport a *crown*, bet a *sovereign*, or to put down their pounds, are too much interested upon the *Main*, to consider who they may chance to "*rub against*" for the time being. Etiquette has nothing to do with a Cockpit; and a master of the ceremonies would have a troublesome time of it—to keep anything like order; yet, nevertheless, persons of the first rank in society are to be met with in a cockpit. During the intervals which occur between the battles, the M. P. may be seen conversing with his friend respecting the success of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords on the preceding evening; and, on the other side of the pit, the *commoner* may be viewed equally as happy, amusing his pals with a bit of a flash chant just to fill up the leisure time:—

A saucy rolling blade am I,
I keep a *donkee* Dick;
Through London streets my wares I cry,
Up *peck* and *booze* to pick.

In Black-boy alley I've a *ken*,
A *tyke* and *fighting cock*;
A saucy, tip-slang, moon-eyed hen,
Who oft' *mills doll* at block.

I'm known by all the deep ones well
About Salt-petre Bank,
And always ready, *prigs* can tell,
To *gig* a Smithfield *hank*.

I'll race my Jack, or bait a bull,
Or fight my *doodle-doo*;
I'll flash a *quid* with any cull;
And *fly a pigeon-blue*.

I'll back my *ginger* to make a hit,
My fine—my true game Cock;
The *Swells* can't *do* me in the pit;
I'm *down* to ev'ry *lock*!

I'm up to all your knowing *rigs*,
Ye biddies queer and flash;
I'm company for *scamps* and *prigs*,
Sometimes for men and cash.

My moll oft' tips the knowing *dive*
When *sea-crabs* gang the stroll:
Unless she did how could we thrive,
And in warm *flannel* roll?

Cocking, at the present period, is kept up with great spirit at Newcastle, and the recent meeting of Cockers at the above place, in point of extent, exceeds everything of the kind ever known in this country. Upwards of 200 cocks were fought, and the fighting generally good, particularly the cocks at Baglin Hill, and Locky, who all won great majorities. A remarkable circumstance occurred on the Saturday before fighting. A match was made for 20 sovs. between Parker and Reed, feeders, and won by the latter after a hard contest. Parker's cock, however, came round so much soon after, that his party made a second match, to come off on the following Monday, for a like sum, which was again won by Reed, after a severe battle—a circumstance perhaps altogether unknown in the annals of cocking. It is also calculated that at the termination of the races, which will finish the Cocking for the present season, upwards of 1000 cocks will have met with their deaths. Newcastle may, therefore, challenge all the world for Cocking.

We need not be told that many persons view *Cockfighting* as a most cruel sport, and would feel highly disgusted with such an exhibition; while on the contrary, thousands of characters are interested on a battle between two game cocks beyond the power of description—lose hundreds of pounds upon a Main without a murmur, and prefer the amusement of a cockpit to the opera, theatre, ball-room, or any other amusement that can be mentioned:—

What is it that impels mankind
To *stretch* the procreative mind,
By this, or that thing, joy to find?
My Fancy?

In the *Racing Calendar* for the year, it will be seen that Cocking generally accompanies the diversion of the Course; and also accounts of the Mains of cocks fought at Cheltenham, Chester, Gloucester, Norwich, Newcastle Lancaster, Preston, Stamford, &c., and that among its patrons will be found the venerable Earl of Derby, Sir William Wynne, Ralph Benson, Esq., —— Bellyse, Esq., and numerous other gentlemen cockers in different parts of the kingdom. In the metropolis and environs there are several cockpits, but the head-quarters of the sport is the pit in Horse Ferry Road Westminster. The cocking in London generally commences soon after Shrove tide.

We shall now give a description of a London cockpit and its frequenters, with some *touches* at character by an amateur:—

"I was sitting, some evenings ago, in my room, at the first coming of twilight, which in our Albany rooms is fond of paying early visits—my head was indolently hung back upon the red morocco top of my easy chair, and my hands were hung like two dangling bell ropes over each arm of my seat—and in this position I was ruminating on many things of little moment. I had thus leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to the most luxurious idleness,—a kind of reading made easy,—when a knuckle knocking at my door intimated the arrival of some impatient visitor—and before I could muster voice enough to give Tate Wilkinson's direction of "Come in!" the tooth of my door-lock was wrenched, and Tom Owen, with a newspaper in his hand, dashed in—and at once stood astounded, with his white hat elevated on his forehead,—admiring my amazing stupor

"Why, Edward! Edward Herbert! Asleep, by all that's sublime! There he sits, deaf to time! Edward, I say! Come, bolt up from the morocco! I have news for your two *nothoroughfare* ears, which ought to make you as lively as an eel with half his waistcoat off! Here," said he, smacking a creased and dingy newspaper with an air of vehement exultation—"here is that which will be life itself to *you*!" I closed my book-mind quietly, or doubled it up, as Tom would say, and raising myself with difficulty into an erect posture—rubbed my eyes, uncrossed my tingling legs, (which were just beginning to wake out of a nap,) and begged through the archway of a yawn to know what this very sprightly piece of news consisted of. Tom pulled, or rather tossed of his hat, nodded to me a nod more eloquent than speech, and tipping an acute wink out of the left corner of his little impudent grey eye—proceeded at once to read aloud from the first column of the newspaper. He pronounced one word with an emphasis the most pointed—cocking!—and then paused to let loose wink the second, which, if possible, was more charged with mystery than the former,—"*cocking!*—there Edward!" continued he—"there! cocking—at the Royal Cockpit, Tufton-street, Westminster!—there;" and then he went strictly through a formal advertisement,—touching—"200 the main,"—and "byes," and "feeders," and "gentlemen of Norwich," and "a deal of skimble-skamble stuff," which for the life of me I could not then retain, and therefore cannot now repeat.

"When Tom had finished his formal information, he very readily and clearly, at my request, divested the announcement of its technicalities, and explained to me that on such a day, being the morrow, a grand main of cocks was to be fought at the Royal Cockpit, at which, for 5s. the head (certainly not the heart), a man might be present. It required little of my volatile friend's rhetoric to induce me to promise my attendance, as I had never been present at anything of the kind higher than a full-feathered blustering skirmish of a couple of huge-combed, red-ruffled, long-tailed dunghills, amid a wilderness of poultry, in a farm-yard. I had seen no clean-fighting—no beautiful sparring in silver—no blood-match! as Tom earnestly describes it. I was the more induced to accede to his request of accompanying him, from learning that he could introduce me to Mr. D——, one of the principal breeders of game-cocks—a gentleman of the most winning manners—and one who could and would describe to me the characters present, and procure for me the sight of the coops and pens where the birds were fed and kept previously to the day of battle.

"I begged Tom Owen would by some means get me a sight of any book upon cocking, as I was extremely desirous of going to the scene of war with as much ready-made knowledge as I could in the short time allowed me acquire. He said he himself had a tidy little work upon the subject, which would let me into the whole art of breeding, trimming, matching, and betting,—but that he would apply to his friiend Mr. D——, who would inform him if there were any more erudite and desirable books on the sport. I gladly availed myself of Tom's pamphlet, and to my pleasure (certainly not to my surprise) he pulled it from his coat-pocket, and laid it down quietly on my table. We arranged all things for our meeting the next day—and it was settled that he should call upon me, and that I should be ready for him by half past one o'clock.

"I moralised in a lack-a-daisical manner for about half an hour upon the vices and backslidings of this life, and then betook myself to "The Directions for Breeding Game Cocks, with calculations for Betting," and passed the evening in cultivating an acquaintance with "moulting"—"clutches of eggs,"—"stags,"—"long-law,"—"fighting in silver," and the like:—and long before the clock of St. James's church had timed eleven to the drowsy hackney-coachmen and watchmen of Piccadilly, I was fit to sit "at the mat," and risk my "guinea on Nash."

I think I cannot do better than treat you, Russell, in the same manner that I treated myself—and I shall, therefore, pick my way daintily through the book which Tom lent me, (a neat little olive-colored pamphlet, and writ in a friendly *Waltonish* tone,) and thus prepare you in some measure for the cockpit itself, to which, by your favor, I mean to introduce you.

And first, as to the choice of a bird. Observe, Russell, how many points must be attended to:—

As to the exterior qualifications, his head should be thin and long, or if short, very taper; with a large full eye, his beak crooked and stout, his neck thick and long (for a cock with a long neck has a great advantage in his battle, particularly if his antagonist is one of those kinds of cocks that will fight at no other place but the head); his body short and compact, with a round breast, (as a sharp breasted cock carries a great deal of useless weight about him, and never has a fine forehand;) his thighs firm and thick, and placed well up to the shoulder (for when a cock's thighs hang dangling about him, be assured he never can maintan a long battle;) his legs long and thick, and if they correspond with the color of his beak, I think it a perfection; and his feet should be broad and thin, with very long claws.

With regard to his carriage, he should be upright, but not stiffly so; his walk should be stately, with his wings in some measure extended,,and not plod along as I have seen some cocks do, with their wings upon their backs like geese.

As to the color he is of, I think it immaterial, for there are good cocks of all colors; but he should be thin of feathers, short and very hard, which is another proof of his being healthy; as, on the contrary, if he has many, soft and long, it favors much of his having a bad constitution.

Remember, that a cock with all this stoutness of beak, length and thickness of leg, rotundity of breast, "fine forehand," firmness of neck, and extent of wing, ought to weigh no more than 4 lb. 8 or 10 oz. If he happens to have an ounce or two more in his composition, he is out of the pale of *uncivil* society, and is excluded by all match makers "from fighting within the articles." A bird, to be a bird, "fit for the white bag, the trimmed wing, the mat, and the silver spur," must be "high upon leg, light fleshed, and large boned; but still no more than 4 lb. 8 or 10 oz. Do not forget this."

The art is to teach in classes, and to reconcile as many at a time as is practicable to their growing duties. It is surely pleasant to be safely instructed how to bring up a chicken in the way it should go. The amateur writes—

"I have heard many persons declare, who could have had no experience in breeding fowls, that they did not think it necessary that a hen should be confined while her chickens were young, and had just sense enough to say, that nature never designed it; but let me tell those naturalists, (naturals I may call them,) if a hen should lay a clutch of eggs secretly in January, as it is not uncommon for young hens to lay in that month, and sit upon them, consequently if there are any chickens hatched, it must be in February, when if she is not taken in doors, but left to range where she pleases, I am confident that the cold northerly winds and wet weather, which are usual at that season of the year, will destroy every one of them."

The little playfulness in the parenthesis, which is like the flirt of the cock's wing, gratified me much. The shrewdness at the end of the next direction is, however, of a higher order—it is the cut of the spur. It is curious to observe how man's wit is fashioned and colored by the subject of which it treats. The very style is cock-like! It is indeed well con*cock*ted!

"Be sure also that they do not drink any soap suds, or get to any filthy place, for if they do, it engenders distempers in them, which very often turn to that fatal one the roup, a disease for which I have heard many remedies, but never found any so effectual as breaking their necks."

Now, to prevent their fighting from being attended with such disagreeable consequences after they have begun, divide them into as many parties as you can find separate apartments, leaving the strongest upon the ground, and when these have fully established their authority over each other, (which you make them do in the course of two days, by holding which you find the weakest in your hand, and buffeting him with your handkerchief while the other strikes him, and if this won't do, confine him without victuals for a few hours until he is cold, when, being stiff and sore, and the other fresh, after a blow or two he will not attack him again,) you may put down the strongest from one of the parties that are shut up, who, by being kept short of food, will submit directly to run under all those that are down; and, when they are so far reconciled as to permit him to run amongst them, put down the strongest from another party, which will submit in the same manner, and by pursuing this method, in a few days you will be able to get them all down. When once settled, they will go very peaceably together, except by accident one of them should get disfigured, which, if such a thing should happen, and they do not seem to be perfectly reconciled, send him to another walk for fear of a general quarrel.

The author is very particular in recommending you cautiously to try your stags, (which are young cocks "and such small deer!")—"Now permit me to recommend you to transact the business relative to trying your stags, without mentioning it even to the person that feeds them."

One more quotation, and I lay aside the book. It is an anecdote, Russell,—or such the author calls it. He is reasoning, "beak and heel," against relying upon cocks in a second battle, however courageous and victorious they may have proved themselves in their first fight. He says a bird is almost sure to receive some hurt, which neither time, training, nor feeding can make him forget when he comes "to be touched" a second time. A slight hurry (or hurt) is often remembered.

I recollect a circumstance (says this circumstantial artist) of this kind happening to a neighboring gentleman, who, having entered into an agreement to fight a week's play, at a very short notice, and not being able to get a sufficient number of cocks he could depend upon, had the temerity to weigh in some of his own stags, of about ten or eleven months old, and it so happened that one of them had to fight against the cock the other party depended most upon winning; but after a doubtful and bloody contest for nearly half an hour, contrary to the opinions of every one present, the stag came off victorious, which so elated his master, that he sent him to one of his best walks to run till the next season; but what was very extraordinary, he moulted from a dark red to a very light ginger pale. This strange metamorphose we were totally at a loss to account for, when we were informed by a person who spoke pertinently on the subject, that it was owing to his having been so severely handled in his battle; that he had seen two or three instances of the same kind; and at the same time advised my friend never to fight him again, for it was almost reduced to a certainty that he would be beat if he happened to fall in weight with a good cock. But this piece of advice my friend did not attend to, having him weighed in the very next match he made, and in which he was killed, making hardly any defence, although as well to fight with regard to the feeding part, as it was possible for a cock to be.

In fighting a match the author recommends a carefulness in the choice of a feeder (the person who is to give the bird his last training food, and care), and of a setter-to (the second, in fact, of the cock in battle).—There are good and bad feeders—and good and bad setters-to. "I have seen," says the writer, "many of the latter, who do not know when a cock wants rest, and when he should be made to fight."*

So much for the little learned track which Tom put into my hands! The moment he left me I turned to my book-shelves, and among several old and curious volumes, I fortunately dropped upon The Court and City Gamester, a rare little store-house of knowledge for those who would become masters in the arts of whist, racing, tick-tack, ombre, archery, brag, bankafalet, put, and cocking. The style "eats short," as old ladies say of Threadneedle-street biscuits; and, to show you how differently the same subject may be treated by different writers, I shall copy out this ancient artist's picture of a game-cock, "as he ought to be—not as he is!" You will at once detect the hand of a gentleman, a cocker, and a scholar, in the work.

His head ought to be small, with a quick, large eye, and a strong back, and (as master Markham observes) must be crockt and big at the setting on, and in color suitable to the plume of his feathers, whether black, or yellow, or reddish, &c. The beam of his leg must be very strong, and, according to his plume, blue, grey, or yellow; his spurs rough, long, and sharp, a little bending, and looking inward.

His color ought to be either grey, yellow, or red, with a black breast; not but that there are many other colored piles very excellent good, which you must find out by practice and observation; but the three former, by the experience of most, are found ever the best; the pyed pile may serve indifferently, but the white and dun are rarely found good for anything.

Note, that if your cock's neck be invested with a scarlet complexion, it is a sign he is strong, lusty, and courageous; but, on the contrary, if pale and wan, it denotes the cock to be faint, and in health defective.

You may know his courage by his proud, upright standing, and stately tread in walking; and if he croweth very frequently in the pen, it is a courageous demonstration.

His narrow heel, or sharpness of heel, is known no otherways than by observation in fighting, and that is when upon every rising he so hits that he extracts blood from his opponent, gliding his spurs continually, and every blow threatening immediate death to his adversary.

* * * * * * *

Tom Owen called punctually on the day, and at the appointed hour, dressed up beautifully for the sport, and well fitted to rival a horse-dealer or a groom—yet with a loose-hung gentility about him, that just left it a matter of doubt whether you ought to ask him into your drawing-room or your stable. We took our way across the park with hasty, eager feet, and were with very little difficulty soon conducted to the door of a dull, old-fashioned building in Tufton-street, Westminster, around which were sauntering a sprinkle of old gentlemen, old hackney-masters, old sportsmen, old leathern-breeches, old top-boots, old canes, old nondescripts; and all that was strange, and vitiated, and extravagant in age seemed collected about this spot; and I could not but remark how few I saw of the young, the rakish, and the depraved, present at a sport which was cruel enough for excitement, and uncertain enough for the purposes of gambling. One or two solitaries of a youthful appearance dangled about as half in shame and half in curiosity; but I detected none of the enthusiastic bustle, none of the wildness, spirit, and pleasure which light up "young bloods" at other of the ancient and rude sports of this country. One very respectable and aged gentleman on crutches struggled his way on the unmolested pavement to the door, as though the fires of his youth would not go out, and accident or disease could not warn him to subside into the proprieties of his years. The doors were at length opened, and we paid our entrance money, and received the check for admission. This check was cast in pewter, and had the figure of a fighting-cock embossed upon it. But we entered the pit!

The cockpit is a large, lofty, and circular building, with seats rising as in an amphitheatre. In the middle of it is a round matted stage, of about eighteen or twenty feet diameter, as nearly as my eye can measure it, and rimmed with an edge eight or ten inches in height, to keep the cocks from falling over in their combats. There is a chalk ring in the centre of the matted stage, of perhaps a yard diameter, and another chalk mark within it, much smaller, which is intended for the setting-to, when the shattered birds are so enfeebled as to have no power of making hostile advances towards each other. This inner mark admits of their being placed beak to beak. A large and rude branched candlestick is suspended low down, immediately over the mat, which is used at the night battles.

When we entered there were very few persons in the pit; for, as the gentlemen of the match was not seated, the principal followers of the sport were beguiling the time at a public-house opposite the cockpit. A tall, shambling, ill-dressed fellow, was damping the mat with a mop, which he constantly dipped in a pail of water, and sparingly and most carefully sprinkled around him. This was to make it soft for the birds, and to prevent their slipping. We took our seats at the foot of a flight of stairs, that went up into one of the coops,—judging that that would be the best spot for seeing as much as was to be seen. There are two "tiring rooms"—of course for the separate sides.—One room, or more properly, coop, is up the flight of stairs I have mentioned; the other is beneath it, and has its entrance without the pit. At this time my friend Tom's friend, Mr. D——, arrived, and I was introduced to him at once. He was a young man (I was almost sorry for this, because it untied a theory of mine, respecting the sport being a propensity of age only, owing, as I had settled it, to its being easy of enjoyment, a sedentary amusement, not troublesome to the beholders, cruel enough to stir the blood, and open to money-stakes like a game at cards; played in fact at a table, and under shelter. However, my theory is foolish). Mr. D——, as I said, was young, he was also lusty, fresh-colored, cheerful:—open as day in his manners and in his conversation;—and free from that slang slyness which generally characterizes the sporting man. Tom told him that I was anxious to see and know all I could; and he immediately opened to me all the curiosities of the place, with a lively liberty, and a power of description, which I wish in my heart I could have caught from him. Seeing that he was thus so pleasantly minded, I began boldly at the beginning, and begged to know something of the rules and regulations of cocking. He turned-to at them, in high feather, on the instant.

The birds, Russell (I am saying after him), are weighed and matched—and then marked and numbered. The descriptions are carefully set down in order that the cock may not be changed; and the lightest cocks fight first in order. The key of the pens, in which the cocks are set and numbered, is left on the weighing table on the day of weighing; or the opposite party may, if he pleases, put a lock on the door. The utmost possible care, in short, is taken that the matched birds shall fight, and no substitute intruded.

Mr. D—— next gave me a very particular description of the modes of setting-to—of terminating difficult battles—of betting—and of parting the entangled birds; but as I really could not very clearly follow his rapid and spirited explanation, and as I am about to relate to you a battle as I myself saw it, I will not detain you here by my imperfect detail of his very perfect description.

But before the birds are pitted, Mr. D——'s account of a few of the characters must not be omitted. I cannot at all give you them in *colors*, as my new friend dashed them off; but I will follow him in a respectful *Indian-ink*, and at a distance; and you must make the most you can of what I am able to afford you.

"There was a tall, sallow-faced, powdered man standing below us. He took snuff industriously, wore very yellow leathern breeches—very brown aged top-boots—and a black coat of the *same* color. He was sixty years of age if he was a month—and I never saw a dull man so enlivened as he was with this his *betting hour*, and the approaching warfare. He had a word for every one near him, and a restlessness which would not allow him to wait for answers.—I found that he was a hackney-coach proprietor, and that cockfighting was his only amusement. He thought playing at cards a waste of time,—a disgraceful kind of gambling,—and he could dot endure the barbarities of a man fight, which he called "seeing two human creatures knock each other to pieces for other people's sport." Cock-fighting was the only game! He was steady in his business when no cock-fight was on the carpet, and idle and tacit in a public-house parlor at nights. But in the pit he was at home. Sovereigns were golden dust, which blew about in the breath of his opinion; and he rose into perfect life only in the presence of "a Shropshire Red, or "a Ginger Pile."

"Nearly opposite to this person was a very orderly, quiet, respectably dressed man, with a formal, low crowned, broad brimmed hat, a black suit of clothes, and a dark silk umbrella. He was trying to look demure and unmoved; but I was told that he was a clergyman, and that he would be "quite up in the stirrups" when the cocks were brought in. He forced himself to be at ease; but I saw his small, hungry, hazel eyes quite in a fever, and his hot, thin, vein-embossed hand rubbing the unconscious nob of his umbrella in a way to awaken it from the dead, and yet all the time he was affecting the uninterested incurious man! The *cloth* was half in his mind! He would fain still be a clergyman—but he had 'no *spur* to prick the sides of his intent!'

"Another person,—very small,—very dapper, powdered like a gentleman of the old school,—with glossy grey silk stockings, high ancled shoes and buckles perked up against the pit,—affecting nothing,—caring for no one, but living, revelling in the ancient sport. He bowed smartly around him, looked about with a couple of nimble bird-like eyes,—crowned one or two offered bets,—and sent the little white tip of his extremely thin pig-tail from shoulder to shoulder with an alacrity which showed that he was 'a hearty old cock' still; and had neither of his little silken legs in the grave!

"The lame old gentleman was seated close to the mat, and sat pillowed in fatness on a truss of straw, which one of the feeders had procured for him, to make

* There are betting-tables, and calculations of odds annexed to this little pamphlet, which put the Tutor's Assistant quite out of countenance. The subject, and the ability, that marks the execution, leads me to think that *Cocker* had some hand in them.

his position less painful. He closed a bet quietly, with the end of his crutch touching the ferule of the umbrella of a tall, gaunt, white-faced man in blue, (a sailor as I learned;) and thus forcibly reminded me of the conjunction of the two horse-whip bets, in Hogarth's admirable picture of the Cockpit in *his* day, except that this extended crutch gave to me a more poignant moral—a more sorrowful and acute truth!

"In one part of the place I saw shabby old men, apparently wanting a meal, yet showing by their presence that they had mustered 5s. for an hour's sport here. In another spot I beheld blunt, sly, coarse Yorkshiremen, with brownish red cheeks, short uneven features, thick bristly whiskers, and cold, moist, bleak-blue eyes—looking as though they were constantly out upon prey.

"I was continuing my enquiries into the characters around me, when a young man of very slang, slight, but prepossessing appearance, passed me, dressed in light kerseymeres, with a handkerchief round his knee, neat white cotton stockings, small shoes, a blue check waiter-looking jacket, short about the waist, and a gay 'kerchief knowingly tied on his neck. He was really a clean, handsome faced young fellow, with thin, but acute and regular features, small light whiskers, and with his hair closely cut, and neatly and 'cutely combed down upon his forehead. He had scarcely passed me before I felt something rustle and chuckle by my elbow; and turning round, saw a stout, plump, old ostler-looking man carry a white bag past me, which by the struggle and vehement motion inside, I guessed to be one of the brave birds for the battle. The two men stepped upon the mat, and the hubbub was huge and instantaneous. 'Two to one on Nash!' 'A guinea on Nash!' 'Nash a crown!' only sounds like these were heard (for the bets are laid on the setters-to), till the noise aroused a low *muscular*-brooding chuckle in the bag, which seemed to show that the inmate was rousing into anger even at the voice of man!

"From the opposite door a similar procession entered. The setter-to (Fleming by name) was dressed much in the same manner, but he appeared less attractive than young Nash, (the name of the young man I have just mentioned.) He certainly was not so smart a fellow, but there was an honesty and a neatness in his manner and look which pleased me much. The chuckle of the cock in the one bag was answered deeply and savagely from the other—and the straw seemed spurned in the narrow cell, as though the spirit that struck it would not be contained.

"Nash's bag was carefully untied, and Nash himself took out one of the handsomest birds I think I ever beheld. I must have leave to try *my* hand at a description of a game cock!

"He was a red and black bird—slim, masculine, trimmed—yet with feathers glossy, as though the sun shone only upon his nervous wings. His neck arose out of the bag, snakelike,—terrible—as if it would stretch upward to the ceiling; his body followed compact, strong, and beautiful, and his long, dark blue sinewy legs came forth, clean—handsome—shapely, determined,—iron-like! The silver spur was on each heel, of an inch and a half in length—tied on in the most delicate and neat manner. His large vigorous beak showed aquiline,—eagle-like; and his black dilating eyes took in all around him, and shown so intensely brilliant, that they looked like jewels. Their light was that of thoughtful, sedate, and savage courage! His 'comb was cut close—his neck trimmed—his wings clipped, pointed, and strong. The feathers on his back were of the very glossiest red, and appeared to be the only ones which were left untouched; for the tail was docked triangularwise like a hunter's. The gallant bird clucked defiance—and looked as if he 'had in him something dangerous!' Nash gave him to Fleming, who held him up above his head—examined his beak—his wings—his legs—while a person read to him the description of the bird from paper—and upon finding all correct, he delivered the rich feathered warrior back to Nash, and proceeded to produce his own bird for a similar examination.

"But I must speak of the senior Nash—the old man—the feeder. When again may I have an opportunity of describing him? and what is a paper upon 'cocking' worth if it fail to contain some sketch, however slight, of old Nash? He wore a smock-frock, and was clumsily though potently built; his shoulders being ample, and of a rotundity resembling a wool-pack. His legs were not equal to his bulk. He was unconversational almost to a fault—and never made any the slightest remark that did not appertain to cocks and cocking. His narrow, damp, colorless eye twinkled a cold satisfaction when a bird of promise made good work on the mat; and sometimes, though seldom, he was elevated into the proffer of a moderate bet—but generally he leaned over the rails of a small gallery, running parallel with his coop, and stooping attentively toward the pit, watched the progress of the battle. I made a remark to Tom and Mr. D——, that I thought him extremely like a cock. Tom was intent upon Fleming, and could not hear me; but Mr. D—— was delighted at the observation, which seemed to him one of some aptitude. Old Nash's beaked nose drawn close down over his mouth,—his red forehead and gills,—his round body,—and blue thin legs; and his silver-grey, scanty, feathery hair lying like a plumage over his head—all proved him cock-like! This man, thought I, has been cooped up in pens, or penned up in coops, until he has become shaped, colored, mannered, like the bird he has been feeding. I should scarcely have been surprised, if Mr. D—— had told me that old Nash crowed when the day first dawned over the ancient houses of Tufton-street, in a summer morning! I warrant me he pecked bread and milk to some tune; and perchance slept upon a perch!

"But Fleming lifted his bird from the bag, and my whole mind was directed his way. This was a yellow-bodied, black-winged, handsome cock,—seemingly rather slight, but elastic and muscular. He was restless at the sight of his antagonist, but quite silent—and old Nash examined him most carefully by the paper, delivering him up to Fleming upon finding him answer to his description. The setters-to then smoothed their birds, handled them—wetted their fingers and moistened their bandaged ancles where the spurs were fastened—held them up opposite to each other—and thus pampered their courage, and prepared them for the combat.

"The mat was cleared of all persons except Fleming and young Nash. The betting went on vociferously. The setters-to taunted each the birds with other's presence—allowed then to strike at each other at a distance—put them on the mat facing each other—encouraged and fed their crowing and mantling until they were nearly dangerous to hold—and then loosed them against each other for the fatal fight.

"The first terrific dart into attitude was indeed strikingly grand and beautiful—and the very sparring, watching, dodging, for the first cut, was extremely curious. They were beak-point to beak-point—until they dashed up in one tremendous flirt—mingling their powerful rustling wings and nervous heels in one furious confused mass. The leap—the fire—the passion of strength—the *certaminis gaudia*—were fierce and loud! The parting was another kind of thing every way. I can compare the sound of the first flight to nothing less than that of a wet umbrella forced suddenly open. The separation was death-like. The yellow, or rather the *ginger* bird staggered out of the close—drooping—dismantled—bleeding! He was *struck!*—Fleming and Nash severally took their birds, examined them for a moment, and then set them again opposite to each other. The handling of the cocks was as delicate as if they had been made of foam, froth, or any other most perishable matter. Fleming's bird staggered towards his opponent, but he was hit dreadfully—and ran like a drunken man, tottering on his breast, sinking back on his tail!—while Nash's, full of fire and irritated courage, gave the finishing stroke that clove every particle of life in twain. The brave bird thus killed, dropped at once from the 'gallant bearing and proud mien,' to the relaxed, draggled, motionless object that lay in bleeding ruin on the mat. I sighed and looked thoughtful—when the tumult of the bettors startled me into a consciousness of the scene at which I was present, and made me feel how poorly timed was thought amid the characters around me.

"The victor cock was carried by me in all his pride—slightly scarred—but evidently made doubly fierce and muscular by the short encounter he had been engaged in. He seemed to have grown to double his size! His eyes were larger.

"The paying backward and forward of money won and lost, occupied the time until the two Nashes again descended with another cock.

"Sometimes the first blow was fatal—at another time the contest was long and doubtful, and the cocks showed all the obstinate courage, weariness, distress, and breathlessness, which mark the struggles of experienced pugilists. I saw the beak open, the tongue palpitate—the wing drag on the mat. I noticed the legs tremble, and the body topple over upon the breasts,—the eye grow dim—and even a perspiration break out upon the feathers of the back. When a battle lasted long, and the cocks lay helpless near or upon each other,—one of the feeders counted ten, and then the birds were separated and set-to at the chalk. If the beaten bird does not fight while forty is counted, and the other pecks or shows signs of battle, the latter is declared conqueror.

"Such is cockfighting. Tom proposed showing me the coops; and I instantly accepted his proposal, and followed him up the stairs.

"A covering was hung before each pen; so that I heard, rather than saw, the cocks. But it was feeding time; and I beheld innumerable rocky beaks and sparkling eyes at work in the troughs—and the stroke of the beak in taking up the barley was like the knock of a manly knuckle on a table. Old Nash was mixing bread and milk for his feathered family. But I have done!"

An Awkward Question.—Some years ago, Serle, a most accomplished scholar, and a most exemplary member of society, was stage-manager of the Greenwich theatre. The *company* trusted for their attraction mainly to the aid of London *stars*. Frequent disappointments naturally occurred. One great man was indisposed—one *ditto* lady had been refused permission by the manager of the theatre to which she belonged, and Serle—who discharged the duties of "apologist general" had completely exhausted his *stock* of feasible excuses. Dowton, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, and (we think), Jones, were announced in a favorite comedy. Seven o'clock came—no signs of the party! Half-past—as badly off as ever!—What was to be done? "Say something," whispered *one* friend in Serle's bewildered ear. "An *accident* has occurred—that will do," said another. The stage-manager at last appeared in front of the curtain, and apologized to a very crowded audience for the unavoidable delay, which he assured them "was occasioned by the upsetting of the *coach*." Half the *cads* in Greenwich were in the gallery, and they *pozed* Serle, when they simultaneously rose and inquired "*Which* coach."

MAMELUKE.

Mr. Theobald, it would appear, has sold *Mameluke* to Louis Philippe, or rather to the agent of this Monarch, which amounts to the same thing. This horse will be a great acquisition to France; where, however, racing will never be so well understood, nor carried to that perfection which it has reached in this country. The French King is neither partial to racing nor field sports; and his object, in procuring several of our celebrotod thorough-breds, is the improvement of his cavalry; alike shortsighted in this business as in some other matters, he does not perceive that the most effectual way of accomplishing his purpose would be by adopting the very means which he foolishly, and with the worst possible feeling, unhesitatingly rejects. William IV. encourages both racing and the sports of the field, which causes breeding to an almost unlimited extent, and also creates that emulative rivalry which has raised the English hunter and the English thorough-bred superior to everything of the kind to be met with in any other country, almost beyond comparison: hence the source of the far greater number of our cavalry horses; and were it not for the monstrous system of equitation which fashion or foolery has forced upon this important part of the British army, it might be deemed invincible. Louis Philippe should adopt similar means of improvement, if he be very anxious for very grea and very successful improvement; but, let him import as many horses as were numbered in some of the Oriental studs in the ancient times, he will never equal our splendid animals: unless, indeed, he can form superior grooms to those of France, and alter altogether the genius and feeling of his countrymen.

Mameluke has proved hitherto a very unsuccessful stallion, owing most likely to the inferior quality of the mares which have been put to him; as a racer, however, he manifested powers of no ordinary description; and yet on some occasions he showed a resolute unwillingness to start almost unparalleled. When, in the year 1827, he came out for the Doncaster St. Leger, before Chifney could get him from the starting post, he was covered with foam; and when at length he was got off, his competitors were something more than one hundred yards in advance It was surprising to observe the manner in which he gained upon them; he reached them, he passed one, then another, and ultimately placed himself second; Matilda reached the winning post first, but, had there been fifty yards more to gallop, she would have been defeated. It would appear strange, that a horse which showed so vicious obstinacy on the course, should be as gentle as possible in the stable. Last May we visited Stockwell, and were pleasingly surprised on entering the box which contained Mameluke, to find him one of the quietest horses in the world—we never stood up to a horse which evinced a more gentle disposition; he is a splendid animal, and had the lower part of his thigh been more muscular, a finer horse could not have been found.

Whoever procures English thorough breds for the French King, if he be a native of France, he no doubt employs English judgment in his selections, since they evince the tact of a master mind. A few years since, Louis Philippe procured Lottery, one of the most powerful horses we ever saw; he was the finest horse, and the fleetest racer, of his day; but, like Mameluke, he was not always in the humor to run. Lottery was vicious from early life: and, happening to throw the boy who rode him in his exercise, he became much worse, his evil propensities seemed to be thus much increased; he was a very unruly horse on the course, and very dangerous in the stable. Sunday Herald.

THE BRITISH TURF.

That our breed of saddle and lighter draught horses has experienced a great—an extraordinary degree of improvement, since the introduction into this country of eastern blood, is a fact too generally known, and too incontestibly demonstrated, to admit of doubt; but, notwithstanding the great, and perhaps satisfactory, advance which has been made in the quality or goodness of our nags, we are far from having reached that perfection which may be ultimately attained. I feel convinced I never yet saw a horse or mare whose form and correspondence of the parts were utterly unobjectionable. Mameluke is a very fine animal, the eye of the judicious observer will trace his form with unqualified satisfaction, perhaps till it reaches the thigh, when a deficiency of muscular substance becomes perceptible, particularly in the external lateral development immediately above the hock. Camel (sire of that superior racer Touchstone) though not presenting the precise counterpart of Mameluke, is nevertheless a very beautiful horse: we admire his well-sunken chest, his fine shoulders, his carcase; but we pause in our inspection at the loins, or rather at the top of the *os ignominatum*, or bason bone, which appears defective. His Majesty's horse The Colonel, is as handsome an animal of his class as I ever saw; he is what is well understood by the term a *compact horse;* but such a tightened animal conformation is at variance with the requisite flexibility of the racer, though it might not be very objectionable for the hunting field or the road. The Colonel won the Great St. Leger, in 1828—to the surprise, however, of all those persons not in the secret; for he certainly never was, nor ever could be, a horse of superior speed—his objectionable form rendering such a circumstance impossible.

The Godolphin Arabian stands very high in our racing annals, as the sire or progenitor of many of our most celebrated horses; but what experienced eye can fall upon the superior figure of this animal, without creating sensations of extraordinary satisfaction at the admirable development of principles of power and speed, and the beautiful or harmonious correspondence of the parts.

The Wellesley Arabian (if, indeed, he was an Arabian?) offers a very different object for contemplation; he was bulky and compact; consequently, not calculated for the production of that extraordinary speed essential to the modern racer, which his stock abundantly verified. The Exquisite is, perhaps, the best of what may be called his blood; the Wellesley Arabian was the sire of the dam of Exquisite, who ran a second to Frederick for the Derby, in 1829.

If we are anxious to arrive at a correct knowledge of quadruped progressive motion, we must study it, like most other sciences, comparatively as well as directly. The greyhound is much fleeter than our racer by comparison; or, in other words, the speed of the former may be a trifle inferior to that of the latter, absolutely considered; but, when we allow for the difference in size, the horse being so very much larger than the greyhound, we perceive the decided, and almost immeasurable, superiority of the greyhound's speed, or powers of progressive motion. Similar reasoning may be applied to the stag, whose speed, by comparison, is much superior to that of the horse, but far inferior to that of the greyhound. Further, if we look at the hare—if we duly consider the extraordinary powers of this little animal, we shall be lost in astonishment; taking the average weight of the hare at seven pounds (which will be found over rather than under the general standard), and that of the greyhound at fifty, we perceive the latter seven times as heavy as the former; yet, in point of speed, there is little difference; I have more than once seen a hare run straight away from a couple of good greyhounds, and that, too, with a fair start, and run them completely out of sight, without a single turn taking place.

Whence then arises this difference in quadrupeds of the powers of speed?—This extraordinary superiority of the hare over every other ramification of the genus? From form or animal organization; since, if we investigate or duly consider the subject, we shall find that the one will be found in precise correspondence with the other. On examination, the fore legs of the hare are not short, but remarkably shorter than her hind legs; so much so indeed as to give to this little animal a grotesque appearance in its slow movements; in fact, so great is the sweep of the hare's haunches and hind legs, that in running she is able to bring the latter much forwarder every stroke, or stride, than any other quadruped; this peculiarity in the formation of the legs, is assisted by very muscular and very strong loins as well as by the great depth of chest; so that from this union of harmonious correspondence of parts, formed in so extraordinary a manner for speed, the hare's power of progressive motion enables her to outstrip every other terrestial animal.

The greyhound is admirably formed for fleetness; his organization is not only elegant, but from his low dropping chest, his posterior elevation, and the sweep of his hind-quarters, it is evident at the first glance, that he must possess very great speed; but, inasmuch as his impelling or propulsive powers are inferior to those of the wonderful little animal already noticed, his swiftness must necessarily be formed in the same ratio.

I now arrive at the horse. It will be perceived in one moment, that the organization of this animal does not present that union of the principles of power and speed remarkable in the stag, more so in the greyhound, and what appears truly surprising, in the hare; and therefore, however successful we may become in the way of improvement, the organization of the horse can never be so far altered as to produce similar results to those which I have already noticed. Yet, in our progress, let us not lose sight of the low dropping chest, the posterior elevation and sweep, previously pointed out, as well as those essential requisites, rendered so remarkably manifest in the formation of the hare. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the common observation of a horse being *well raised before;* however, that this anterior elevation is considered a great recommendation, as indeed an incomparable beauty in the form of the animal under consideration, by the professed horsedealer, is abundantly evident, as in exhibiting his nags for the approval or examination of his customers, he uniformly places their fore leg upon a considerable elevation, in order to produce the appearance in question, which in reality amounts to a positive malformation. The giraffes in our Zoological-gardens, from an admirable illustration of this long-cherished, but very-mistaken, notion; these waddling, uncouth exotics are remarkably "well raised before;" but I am of opinion that very few of those persons who may view these animals will receive the impression that our racers will gallop faster for being thus "well raised before." The matter is susceptible of very simple, yet very lucid, statement. In galloping, the weight of the horse is impelled or thrown forward by the hind quarters, and received upon the fore legs every stride; consequently, if as much speed as possible be the object of accomplishment, the fore legs can never be too short, the sweep and muscular development of the hind quarters never too great, nor too expansive. When the fore legs are long, the horse will be inferior or defective in all his paces, but particularly in the gallop; he will present the appearance of what, in the language of the school, is expressively termed *stilly*.

In order to demonstrate the correctness or truth of our position, we have only to look at those racers which have distinguished themselves on the turf, as well as at those stallions whose produce has attained an undeniable celebrity. I have already noticed the superior form of the Godolphin Arabian; and another striking, and still more impressive, illustration of the present subject is afforded in Eclipse. This extraordinary racer presents an extraordinary form, in which the principles of power and speed are amazingly developed, with that harmonious correspondence of the parts, which could not fail to produce results which astonished the supporters of the turf at the time. If the reader have an opportunity of seeing an acknowledged portrait of Eclipse, he will find his conformation consonant to the principles I have laid down in a manner that will scarcely fail to excite his surprise; the genuine declivity of the shoulder, the deep and low-dropping chest, the elevation, muscular development, and extraordinary strength of the hind quarter. I have heard it remarked, by presuming pseudo critics, that Eclipse was an ugly horse: as beauty may be understood in a relative sense, and in many cases becomes extremely arbitrary, or opposed to common sense, the opinions of ignorance ought to amount to nothing; but, so far as relates to that kind of animal organization calculated to impart power and speed to the horse, Eclipse approached nearly to perfection.

If we look at the form of more modern racers, of the most distinguished horses of the present day, we shall be certain to find those requisites in the animals which I have already pointed out; but a sight of the individual becomes indispensable to accuracy of opinion. T. B. J.

BLOOD

Great St. Leger—Elis—Bay Middleton, &c

That "blood will tell" is a maxim no less true than trite. Every day confirms it. The winners both of this year's Derby and St. Leger show the value of the stock of some of our "recent importations."

Elis has won the great St. Leger, in as fine style and as good time as it was ever run—3:20. Won easily—distance two hundred yards short of two miles, with 118lbs. Elis, as will appear, is something like half-brother in blood to imported Autocrat (lately sold in Tennessee for $4,000.) Scroggins, brother to imported St. Giles, (also in Tennessee,) ran second, and Bees-wing, half sister to imported Emancipation, third—the very station he occupied when beat in the Leger by Birmingham and Priam.

It had been predicted that Elis would win, and was observed, (see our Nov. number, page 107,) that his public running should entitle him to the first place in the betting.

Elis was got by Langar, out of Olympia, (bred in 1815 by Lord Stamford) by Sir Oliver—her dam Scotina by Delpini (son of Highflyer, the best son of Herod) out of Scota by Eclipse—Harmony by Herod, &c. &c. See Turf Reg. vol. vi. p. 325, for pedigree in full.

Langar by Selim, son of imported Buzzard; dam by Walton, grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's and Eleanor's dam) by imported Diomed, Matchem, &c.

Elis has run with extraordinary success, having already won eleven prizes—the Chesterfield, Malcomb, (5lbs extra,) Clearwell, Criterion, (with 7lbs. extra,) and another stake at two years old, beating large fields and winning an immense amount.

In the first spring (Newmarket) meeting, this year, he met Bay Middleton, for the 2,000 guineas stakes, and was beaten by half a head after a very severe and well contested struggle, in which the field was completely tailed off. They are said to have run their mile in 1:30

He next won the Drawing-room stakes at Goodwood, and on the following day came out for the cup, when he ran second to Hornsea; under, however, much more than ordinary disadvantage, as he carried 5lbs. extra, while his successful opponent was allowed a reduction to the same extent, making the difference of 10lbs. In this race, both beat Rockingham, a Leger winner.

Hornsea had run second to the Queen of Trumps for the Leger, and two days after ran Touchstone to a head, in extraordinary time, beating the famed Gen. Chasse. Yet, at the same meeting, Elis won the racing stakes, with 6lbs. extra. He shortly after won the Lewes stake.

£12,000 to 1200 being bet with Lord Lichfield against Elis, (which he won, together with the stake worth 2,070*l*., including deduction,) he caused a carriage to be constructed, in which Elis was drawn by relays of horses. at the rate of eighty miles a-day, by which contrivance he arrived perfectly fresh in time for the race.

It is probable that Bay Middleton is the only horse of his year that can compare with Elis. ("Examiner" evidently meant him, when writing, probably "Calamo Currente," Bay Richmond. See our Nov. number.) Bay Middleton and Elis have one common paternal grandsire, Selim, son of imported Buzzard,) the sire of Langar and Sultan.

Bay Middleton being regarded the most fashionably bred horse in all England, we repeat his pedigree, giving it more fully than in our last, to which we refer to the other particulars here omitted.

Bay Middleton, bred by Lord Jersey, was got by Sultan (he covers at fifty guineas) out of Cobweb, winner of the Oaks; she by Phantom, winner of the Derby (he covered at fifty guineas;) her dam Filagree (dam also of Riddlesworth, that ought to have won the Derby,) by Soothsayer, winner of the St. Leger; Web, (sister to Whalebone and Whisker, Derby winners, to the also renowned Woful and others, and dam of Middleton, a Derby winner, and of Trampoline, and of the famed Glenartney, Glencoe's dam,) Glencoe by Sultan; she by Waxy, a Derby winner; Penelope, (also dam of Waterloo, Wire, &c.) by Trumpator; Prunella, (dam of Waxy Pope, the dams of Partisan, Tiresias, &c.) by Highflyer; Promise, (dam of Pallas, (Pillbox's dam,) Prizefighter, Peppermint, &c.) by Snap; Julia by Blank; Spectator's* dam by Partner; Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton; Darley's Arabian; Byerley Turk; Taffolet Barb; Place's White Turk; Natural Barb mare.

Bay Middleton having won all his races, including the Derby 2,000 guinea stakes, beating Elis and other of the best colts of his year, at this time takes precedence of all others and promises fairly to gain as much distinction as any predecessors for several years. The best bred colts in the kingdom are nominated for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger. Among the nominations for next year's Derby and Oaks, the following are allied to horses now in America:—

IN THE DERBY.

Own brother to imported Trustee.
Colt by Picton, half brother to Luzborough.
Three colts by imported Shakspeare.
Colt by imported Rowton.
Brother to imported Margrave.
Seven sons of Muley, sire to Margrave and Leviathan.
Colt by imported Tranby.
Colt by Defence, brother to imported Design.
Brother to Elis—imported Autocrat's connection.
Colt out of sister to imported Truffle.
Three sons of imported Cetus.

IN THE OAKS.

Filly by Picton.
Filly by Shakspeare.
Four fillies by Muley.
Filly by Stumps—out of Autocrat's grandam.

In July last, Tyrant, three years old, by Luzborough, won a stakes of two miles, another of one and a half mile heats, on the same day, and on the next won a 50*l*. plate, two mile heats, in three heats.

The get of recent importations are now coming on the turf successfully, as the Barefoots, and two colts by Valentine, that won both the sweepstakes at the last Union meeting.

The great success of the three year olds by Sir Charles, this season, show that stock to be the best of native origin. The produce of Ratler mares too have been greatly distinguished, as Atalanta by Industry, Mingo by Eclipse, Isaac of York by Sir Charles, one of the Valentine winners, &c. &c. Turf Register.

* See Matchem's memoir for the famed race with Spectator and Brilliant

THE MOST RENOWNED OF THE GET OF SIR ARCHY,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

It will be recollected Sir Archy was foaled in 1805, and ran only at three and four years old. Having beat all competitors the autumn of 1809, and his challenge to run anything in the world not being accepted, he began his career as a stallion in 1810. His three year old colts appeared first on the turf in 1814; and in 1815–6 were superior to the get of all others, and have since scarce met a rival, except from other descendants. Eclipse and Monsieur Tonson are the most renowned of other blood.

Director,	Muckle John,	Flirtilla,
Lady Lightfoot,	Sumpter,	Marion,
Vanity, } sisters.	Pacific,	Gohanna,
Reality, }	Childers,	Janet (Stevens'),
Timoleon,	Betsey Richards,	Sally Hope,
Blank,	John Richards,	Phillis,
Virginian,	Henry,	Industry,
Stockholder,	Arab,	Crusader,
Ratler,	Janette, (Virginia Lafayette.)	Kate Kearney,
Contention,		Jemima Wilkinson,
Kosciusko,	Isabella,	Gabriella,
Napoleon,	Bertrand,	Pilot; (Wild Will,)
Sir Charles,	Sir William, out of Transport,	Charles Kemble,
Sir William,		Black Heath.

Of the preceding forty nearly all were first-rate four milers; and most of them have been distinguished in the stud. Turf Register.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1837.

THE SLEIGHING.

"First it blew—then it snew—then it thew, and then it friz, horrid."

TOM HOOD.

This has been an all sorts of a week. On Saturday last it began to "blew"—on Sunday it "snew," on Tuesday and Wednesday it "thew," and on Thursday night, may be it didn't "friz horrid." We didn't sleep on the Battery to ascertain the fact, nor can we say with that man of the world, Adonis Church, that "a friend of mine did, and I'll swear to it."

If the snow had fallen in real, right-down earnest style, all Sunday night, we should have had capital sleighing; instead of which we have only had a *slaying* of horses. The late five inches of snow that concealed the beauties of chaste mother Earth, as with a chemise, as Bennett would say, did-up more horses than even Sampson slew of the Philistines in three days with the jaw bone of an ass, in the vallies of Gilgal or Zigzag, we forget which. Some one has prettily remarked that "snow falls gently, because it is pushed from Heaven while sleeping." Such was the case last Sunday, in contradistinctiôn to the usual practice of snowing in New-York, where, when it snows at all, it goes the entire swine, like a good Tammany democrat. There is no hook-'em-snivy—no cut and come again about it. It downs with its dust in big flecks like the buckwheat cakes at a Dutch farmer's breakfast—solid enough, and heavy enough to knock a small boy into next Fourth of July—it falls as if kicked from "cloud capp'd towers" to cover our "gorgeous palaces," and woe be to horses in those days.

The morning after a heavy fall of snow affords a thousand themes for the industrious penny-a-liners of the daily press. They pick up materials for "unfortunate accidents" at every turn, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to meet with "distressing casualties" in propria personæ; such a godsend lasts them a week.

By the time the sun is wide awake, and begins to "draw it mild" on the snow, the sidewalks are cleared of the upper crust, leaving only enough to serve the science of Phrenology, which soon becomes so slippery, that bumps and palpable developments become as plenty on a man's head as eyes in an Irish potatoe. By noon the sun begins to "cut it fat," and our beautiful Broadway is soon metamorphosed into a precious horse-pond. In the narrow streets the snow is piled up into miniature peaks of Teneriffe; and when the sun, as with a long pole, begins to stir up that on the house-tops, without shouting "stand from under," then you see fun. A diorama of the famous "slide" of the White Hills of New Hampshire, or that the other day at Troy, may be seen every ten minutes, not only free, gratis, but whether you will or no. Avalanches come rushing down from the tops of six storied houses, with Alpine sublimity, and wo betide the unlucky he, or she, on whose devoted head they fall. People get knocked down without a chance of striking back; you can't say to it—"take a man of your size." And then when the thaw spirit is abroad, in what a pickle are the streets. Crossing Broadway is an achievement to be "spoken of the same day" with Leander's swimming the Hellespont. "Adam's Fall," in the garden of Eden, where Eve made a shift to do without dress, and Adam had no tailor, is emulated apparently by his *immediate descendants* of 1837; and what will be a puzzler to future Almanac-makers, the "last *Fall* season" was not over until after the 26th of January.

To return to the sleighing. It was very fair in town, while on the roads radiating from the city it was capital, and the ancient "Passover" was revived by hundreds of green horns, who in their hired sleighs run over one another, and pretty much every thing else. New-Yorkers are tickled to death with the prospect of a sleigh ride, and no sooner is there snow enough to "put your foot in it," than each man, woman and child, seems "possessed with a familiar spirit," while the veritable descendants of the bygone Dutch burgomasters of Niew-Amsterdam are almost raving distressed with delight. In some instances the passion for sleigh-riding is indulged in to an inconceivable and ludicrous extent. It is not to this day an isolated case, to find on a man's door a pencilled notice to the effect that his office or store is "closed in consequence of sickness (or death) in the family." A sleigh-ride, however, is a more effectual remedy than Brandreth's Pills for this prevalent epidemic, peculiar only to New-Yorkers.

Throughout the week the whole city has rung with the lively crash of ten thousand strings of bells. We cannot "begin" to do justice to the varieties of splendid and *outre* turn-outs, that like Leigh Hunt's pig, have had a strange propensity to "go up all manner of streets." Every imaginable conveyance has been put in requisition, from the luxurious and fur-lined equipage of old campaigners, to a ricketty crockey crate attached to two long poles. Yea, verily, do not the ancient chronicles of the Spirit of the Times inform us how the milkmen whistled through the streets with the speed of swift sped arrows, and how the sooty coal-man cried forth his *melancholy notes* from a graceless box, perched on reeling runners? How the hearty carman fastened his sleek nag to some lonely wood sled, and emulously put "Bob" to his mettle alongside a lumbering omnibus. But all omnibi were not lumbering. Here and there the haughty Jehus were standing erect in might, wielding aloft their lusty whips, fashioned as if to lash the Hellespont into peace, which ever and anon they cracked in the ears of their prancing studs, that pricked on to the music of their own bells, regardless of the shouts of the loitering, would-be passengers, and throwing up at every fling of their iron-bound hoofs, snow mingled with dirt (which no "dasher" could resist) into the countenances of a mixed-up mass of clerks and smiling masters, promiscuously packed together in the cavernous recesses of a gaudy omnibus, each heart devoutly thankful that in the dispositions which had been made to improve the snowy gifts of father Jove, opportunity was afforded for "modest merit" to take a *shilling cut*.

The most out-and-out affair, was a superb barouche sleigh, drawn by six fiery grey horses, that were driven up and down Broadway at a rate of sixteen miles an hour, crowded full of ladies, the radiant beauty of whose eyes caused thousands to break that commandment which forbids our "coveting any thing that is our neighbor's."

The four-in-hand turn-outs of several whips and bloods about town, were *recherché* in the extreme, and among the knowing ones, Brower's "swell dragman" shone conspicuous, with his *eight* long-tailed greys. Boats placed upon runners, and crowded with jovial crews, occasionally dashed through Broadway, and sporting sleighs drawn by six prancing horses were too common to excite but a passing remark. A very neat and elegant Russian sleigh, singly horsed, excited particular attention. The harness was wound with silver wire, with the wood-work of the haimes projecting a foot and a half above the horse's shoulder, like an inverted ox-yoke, and hung with silver bells. The owner was snugly ensconced in his sledge beneath "a wilderness" of rich skins, while his tiger, with his feet encased in shoes fastened upon the runners, sat upright upon a high seat secured behind it, and tooled his master's bit of blood with the grace of a Harry Stevenson.

One aspiring phæton we marked, whose zeal and "excellent ambition" rather outwent his ability. Why should ambroisal curls and face divinely formed, persist to brave the terrors of the wintry tempest in the guise of a postillion? And why be vexed that thy knees did quake in spite of thee, and that the speed of thy Pegasus came not up to that of the true blood? Thou wast not formed to thrive in "camps or tented fields," nor yet at Tattersalls. *There* thou must of course be baffled. Recall how haughty Diomede once spared not the snowy hand of even soft Aphrodite, when fleeing to the succour of the son of "deeply blessed Anchises," and how old Jove kissed his beauteous daughter's pouting lips, and chid her for mingling in the affairs of bloody Mars, and bade her concern herself with her own sweet arts of love, and the rights of decorous wedlock. Oh, be thou advised, and waste not again thy "sweetness on the desert air," nor think to usurp the rights of "swells" of less melting aspect.

As the thaw was progressing, and the snow fast renewing its original shape, an omnibus, "o'ercrowded with her crew"—a domestic circle of mothers, daughters, cousins, aunts, and "babies ten," made a crash, "gave a heel, and then a lurch to port, and going down head foremost, sunk in short;" when at the moment a passing Jehu locked the off corner of the vehicle, instantly emptying the precious casket splash into the black conglomerated mass of mud and snow. Then went up a yell "louder than the loud ocean," and then all was hushed, save the babies and the "remorseless dash" of mud; "but at intervals there gushed, accompanied with a convulsive splash—a solitary shriek—the bubbling cry" of one old maid in her "last agony" for her hat and feathers. The babies were saved—all, save one—"of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate." The boy bore up long, but the heavy crash of his lusty aunt sunk him too deep "within the greedy wave" for breath or utterance. The rest arose, begrimmed with villainous drippings of the inky *brine*, if salt it was; then looked into each other's *eye*—for eyes none had; then meekly shook themselves—then boo-hoo-ed out a crying.

The road to the Union Course, near which "uncle John R." Snediker dispenses whiskey punch, and the good things of this life, after a style that deserves to immortalize him in this world, to say nothing of the next, has been literally alive all the week. Give Snediker a day's notice, and he will give you a better dinner than money can command at any house short of Cozzens' at West Point, within a hundred miles of Gotham. At Burnam's, Cato's, and Nowland's, too, the crowd has been immense. Not a man, woman, or child has slept a wink at Harlem since the sleighing commenced, and they begin to think with poor Monsieur Morbleu, "By Gar, I sall get some sleeps nevare!" The place is filled with sleighs, crowded to repletion with motley crews, that remind one of Power's famous statues in the Groves of Blarney:—

"Alexander, Confucius, and Sergeant Kittle,
Venus, and Bacchus, and Phillis the fair,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing out in the open air."

The sleighing on the Avenues is first rate, and advantage has been taken of it by the owners of crack trotting nags. It is a singular fact, that some of our fastest trotting horses *on the course* are easily beaten by third or fourth rate ones *on the snow*, and vice versa. The private matches in harness are innumerable. Two or three pairs of "fast crabs" are out each afternoon, and the way they slide past everything on the road is rather a caution. Fire-King, Lady Slipper, Modesty, John, and others, have a knack of cutting off a mile on the snow in about 2:50, and there are two pairs of blood mares that are equally fine.

It would occupy more room than we can well spare to describe the scenes of our New York Carnival. How fathers improved the opportunity to display their elegant turnouts, and boys to slide down hill, build castles, snowball servant maids at home, and canary birds through the neighboring windows. We could recount many a laughter-moving tale of brilliant belles and bashful beaux—how the former contrived to "do" the latter out of a ride, which joke they afterwards played off at second hand on the livery stable men—how the bucks drove their fours-in-hand before landaus on runners, and how "small deer" were squatted in crockery crates nailed to couples of bean poles—how wood sleds and omnibus-ters choked up Broadway, and ran over or under coal carts and draymen—how ladies fainted and Jehus swore—how boys laughed and babies cut their teeth—how Jemmy Jessamy's were run away with, and how the more they tried to stop their steeds, the more they wouldn't, so they would—how female women got upset—how the sleighs shrieked it and streaked it over the cold paving-stones—how bachelors grew amorous, and maidens less shy—how the latter caught beauxs and colds together—how people rode who never rode before—how dabblers in the waters of Helicon forsook the crystal fount to drink whiskey punch at Snediker's—how belles at the theatres were left for bells on the road, and how, finally, the sleighing, like this article, came to an end.

OLDEN TIME PARAGRAPHS.

We do not find in every sheet we take up items like the following. They are mostly the product of a brain that presides over the columns of an Albany Daily, and as "good wine needs no bush," we shall not add the magic of a name known to the craft as synonimous with all that is tasteful and witty, to give additional currency to the "*graceful morsels*."

When the Warren bridge, Boston, was declared to be of right a *free* bridge, it was said it must have been a sort of *pons asinorum* to those who had been paying toll for years on crossing.

The story of a man in Ohio, who, in falling from a lofty steeple, had presence of mind enough to whip out his jack knife, stick it into the wood work when about half way down, and cling to it until relieved, reminds us of the lamentation of a worthy Scotchman, in Edinburgh, who tumbled from the roof of a twenty-four story house, and in passing, a friend standing in the eleventh or twelfth story, cried out—"*Hey, Saundy, sic a fall as I shall have.*"

The Duke of Newcastle is said to have thirty sheep killed a day, in order to furnish *one* dish of the *Pope's eyes*—It is supposed the noble Duke has an inexorable hatred to the papal *see*.

Whiteford was once challenged to make a pun in three minutes on the Latin gerunds, *di*, *do*, and *dum*. He accepted the challenge, and in one minute and a half produced the following couplet:

The mourning queen, Æneas hoped would come,
And wept in silence; she was *Dido Dumb*.

He then offered to make an off hand pun upon any subject. "The King," said a friend. "The King is no *subject*," was the instantaneous reply.

In the oyster trade between Baltimore and Pittsburgh, the wagoners give the U. S. mail one hundred miles the start and beat it. The Louisville Journal thinks if the oysters went *on foot* it would be a tight race.

When the Duchess de Berri was a second time *prospectively frugiverous*, a droll observed—whether of the straw-berry or rasp-berry genus had not transpired.

While Brooks was scampering over Europe at a great rate, furnishing his readers "books from the *running Brooks*," Willis stopped to "*pencil by the way*" a miniature of himself.

At a late election, a Milesian electioneer, alarmed at the paucity of votes taken, loudly expressed his fears, that if more people did not come forward, *neither* candidate would be elected.

NEWSPAPERS.—The *Charleston* (S. C.) *Courier* is now not only the handsomest daily sheet in the Union, but is also conducted with singular ability. Its typographical appearance is perfectly beautiful. Dr. J. G. MCWHORTER, the gifted and popular editor of the *Georgia Courier*, at Augusta, has retired from the concern. The Courier is now issued daily by Messrs. NASON & DOUGLASS, and a capital little daily it is. The *Chronicle & Sentinel* of the same city, have been united. Maj. PEMBERTON, the able editor of the Chronicle, has retired, we regret to say. Messrs. GIEU & THOMPSON, of the *Daily Constitutionalist*, have improved the appearance and matter of their excellent paper, which is one of the leading journals of the South. The *Columbus Enquirer*, too, has been greatly enlarged and improved. An old and valued friend, MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Esq., the Texian Secretary of State, was its former editor. It affords us unqualified pleasure to witness the evidences of the merited success of our Southern contemporaries.

☞ There are advertisements in almost every daily paper of "Exhibitions of choice Paintings"—"Rare Collections of the Old Masters," and all that sort of thing, which may be seen for half a dollar, when at HORN's Custom House Hotel one may examine free gratis, about as valuable a gallery of paintings, as there is now exhibiting in the city. There are several very fine engravings too, in the collection, and if Horn should publish an inflated catalogue of his pictures "on the Canal street plan," and exhibit them at half a dollar, we make no doubt they would be run after by half the amateurs and cognoscenti of Gotham. We advise Horn to try the experiment, and in the meantime commend him to the public and the public to his whiskey punch and venison steaks.

☞ What has become of "the gone CASE" of the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser? He was one of the readiest and most pointed paragraphists of the South. The "tall citizen" of the "Methuen Iris," EDWIN HARRIMAN, Esq., fills his place as the editor of the Advertiser, in a very spirited and happy manner, and we endorse with pleasure the annexed remark of Mr. HOGAN, the able editor of the Western Weekly Review:—

Under his charge, the Mercantile Advertiser has become one of the most spirited, energetic, and influential journals in the South. His genius, industry, and intellect, and withal his sound political principles, impart much interest to its columns; besides this, it regularly furnishes the New Orleans news several days before any of our Louisiana papers are received. Our mercantile, political, and other friends who love good things from a good fellow, would do well to subscribe. We shake hands cordially, and hope to see him flourish long and prosperously, in his editorial vocation.

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN OF "THE GIRLS UP-TOWN."

We hereby gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a private missive from a charming country cousin of our old and favorite correspondents—"THE GIRLS UP-TOWN." It was not endorsed "confidential," so we print it, at the risk of getting our hair pulled first, and finding our fair correspondent "not at home" (to us,) for a whole week after she arrives in town. But the saucy little baggage deserves nothing better, for she pretends to have commenced a tragedy for the prize offered by Miss CLIFTON, in which (Moon and stars catch my hat!) we are personally made to appear. She wrote it on purpose one Saturday afternoon to plague us, and not satisfied with that, she undertakes to read us a lecture—(she shall never read us "a curtain lecture," we are determined—coming events cast their shadows before, Campbell says, and after *such* a letter, we think we can spy into futurity a little—"we know where we sleep," as the man of the Fly-market Ferry said when he caught cold in sleeping one night in the Park, because somebody left a gate open)—yes, she even presumes to lecture us about editing that veracious and veritable gazette of the sporting, literary, and fashionable world, the Spirit of the Times. Did you *ever* hear of such "imperence?"—and that, too, from a romping, wayward, frolicsome, beautiful, wicked, fun-loving country cousin, *only* eleven degrees removed! But we will be revenged by printing her letter, which we do without letting the "Girls Up-town" know we have received one at all. We should like to know what they will have to say about it. We omit only five postscripts, and three *nota benes*, having reference mostly to *scan. mag.*, new children born Down East without teeth—horrid stories about Mrs. P. and the village clergyman—a delightful party, where she had two proposals, jilted her favorite beau, was accompanied home by another, instead of "catching" whom, she caught a cold. The last postscript informs us, as familiar epistles from country cousins usually do, how that there are three marriages in contemplation—how Mrs. High Cockalorum, the lawyer's wife, has been confined with twins—how one of them looks so much like both, you cannot tell the other from which—how it is suspected that Polly, aunt Dorothy's waiting-maid, is no better than she should be—that all the Widow Doolittle's family (nine—like John Rogers' in the Primer, all at the breast,) have got the whooping-cough, or chicken-pox—how the "Selectmen" had been to see poor Biddy, the Irish laundress, who has brought into the world a young Yankee Doodle, without anybody's knowledge or consent, her own included, of course, with many other things we have forgot to remember, that must now die in oblivion. Here is her letter:—

B——, DOWN EAST, Saturday, Jan. 13, 1837.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have long been thinking of making a desperate effort to write you. But in these cold times it requires a Promethean heat to set the wheels of my noddle in motion, and not a little philosophy, I blush to confess, to hazard for the first time an effort of genius, that, I pray the Virgin, may be able to withstand the "radiant effulgency" of your satire.

You may perhaps be aware that I have long been a worshipper at the shrine of the Muses. They sometimes smile with a look of encouragement upon me, and now for the first time, in heroic condescension, have deigned to inspire me with the ambitious scheme of winning the prize for the best American Tragedy, suited to the peculiar genius of Miss JOSEPHINE CLIFTON. As you are one of the number selected to examine the humble efforts of the aspirants, I do not hesitate to commit to "CORINTHIAN TOM'S" hand the "follyowing" extracts from my unfinished tragedy of *Hophir*. I cannot deny that the prize itself, in these hard times, has had equal weight in bringing forth those brilliant scintillations of passionate thought which till now I had scarcely imagined myself the possessor.

* * * * * * *

But you are impatient for the tragedy:—

ACT 1ST, SCENE 1ST, *Copenhagen*.—An apartment in Gyneth's Bower.

Gyneth. Fold up the curtain, Ina,
And let the crimson morn burst on my aching vision.
Sleep has kiss'd his last farewell to me,
And time drags weary off.
Ina. Holy Mother save thee! mistress Gyneth,
And teach thee patience to endure the frowns
Of Fortune. Ne'er repine—
Three more suns must set,
And Gyneth's bosom will thrill
With deeper joy than——
Gyneth. How! what! Say you that he,
The Lord of PORTER—will be here?
Ina. Yes, sweet lady,—
He of six feet lineage, and gilded crow-quill,
Was, by the artifice of a "*Girl Up Town*,"
Releas'd from prison. A carrier-bird
Dropp'd at my feet this morn
These perfumed stanzas, which unsuspecting,
Eagerly I traced:—

"Dear Gyneth, to thy arms I fly,
Tho' wardour's tower be steep and high,
And maelstrooms fill the air;
Not unicorn, or tusked boar,
Shall keep me from my true-love more,
The brightest of the fair.

For thee I'll curl my twisted crest—
For thee I'll wear my "*yarllerest*" vest,
My stiffest collar, too;
My standard with Propontic fury,
I'll wave on top of Alpine Yura,
Then fleet, my love, to you.

Then haste my pye-bald, gallant steed,
Thro' rushing stream and verdant mead,
And make thy nostril's snort;
While I for love and my ador'd
Poise the tall lance, grasp high the sword,
And peal aloud *Le Mort!*"

Gyneth. Hand o'er the lines,
And let my burning eye-balls trace the hand
Of him I love. Yes, 'tis true, his own lov'd signet.
Haste thee, Ina, and bid old Gaffer
Set in preparation all things fit, of mirth,
And song, and joyous cheer, to greet
The near approach of York's tall son. [Exit *Ina*.]

SCENE II.—Moonlight

[*Hophir appears on the top of a dilapidated tower.*]

Hophir. Moon,—cold, loco-foco moon, I loath thy light;
Thou who dost shine upon the sea and sand
Alike indifferent—who round the rugged world rolls
Rapid on in rotatory revolution,
Like a green cheese upon the deep above,—
Thou marrest all my schemes, betraying moon!
Thy silvery beams disclose my wisest plans.
Shut out thy light—stars hide your rays—
I hate ye—aye, as fervent as I hate
The blue-eyed lord of her whom my heart loves.
Yes! shake ye fountains! freeze ye gilded skies,
I am for Patagonian revels, and the throne—
Beauty and wealth wave o'er me. Speed my aim
Ye powers of air, who live in the blue flame!
On Hophir's brow let fall the crown of gold!
My name is Haynes—I'm off, or I shall catch a cold
Upon this turret—or, perhaps, the jaunders,
Because I've left my wig for curling at that Saunders.
[Exit Hophir "in a canter."]

I am sorry my sheet will not admit of the five closing acts:—the long-contested siege, the invocation, and the death-struggle—the whole comprising a masterpiece of inexhaustible beauty. You must write me unreservedly your opinion, and suggest, without fear of tears or blows, any alteration or embellishment, your judgment may dictate. Hophir is an original, and I've no doubt will just suit you. Gyneth is a lovely bride, perishing in solitude. This is the plot; it may seem intricate, but upon reading the whole, you will instantly catch the main drift.

We see the "*Spirit*" every week, but 'tis so "rife" of full-grown mares, and long-tailed colts, genealogies, and dissertations upon horse flesh, that I can rarely beat up for a good laugh through the whole sheet. Where are the old-fashioned on dits, and wise saws, and salmagundies that used to put my corset's in danger?

Good bye.

WARNING—Persons who eat oysters, at this season, are particularly cautioned against swallowing the shells.

Express

Sporting Intelligence.

MORE BLOOD STOCK FOR AMERICA.

We learn from Bell's Life in London of the 18th Dec., that the celebrated *Priam*, which has lately been purchased of Lord Chesterfield by Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., for himself and partners, was on the Thursday previous conveyed from Lucas's Repository, at Liverpool, on board the *Manchester*, lying at the Waterloo dock in that town, to be conveyed to this country. If the wind proved favorable, it was intended the ship should sail on Saturday, the 17th ult. *Coronet*, and two brood mares (heretofore named in the Spirit of the Times,) were shipped by the same vessel.

A bay horse, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, which was purchased of Lord Berners, a yearling by Priam, and *five* brood mares were on the same day put on board the *Sherbrook*, for Mobile, to be conveyed to E. H. Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala.

The editor of Bell's Life in London remarks that "fifty guineas were formerly charged for the passage of each horse to the United States, but that the charge has now been reduced to thirty guineas. The owners, however, at their own expense fit up the stalls, which is rather expensive, as they require to be well padded for the voyage; they also find the animals in certain provisions, and send proper persons to attend to them while in the ship. The passage of these men is to be paid, both going and returning. The men sent out in the Manchester and Sherbrook have eight guineas each, and six shillings (sterling) a day during the time they may be engaged in her service. The horses have most comfortable accommodations between decks, and appeared in high condition on their embarkation."

The same journal adds as follows:—

"The *Americans have now some of the finest horses in the world*, all of which they have obtained from this country, *regardless of price*. Dr. Merritt came over last year, and purchased several horses, which he took over himself when he returned. Lapdog, St. Giles, Rowton, Margrave, Tranby, Whale, Emancipation, Shakspeare, Felt, Merman, and Flexible, were all sent abroad from Lucas' stables last year, and an equal number have been sent this year."

P.S. On referring to the Liverpool Shipping List, we find that the *Manchester*. Capt. Drenning, cleared for City Point, Va., on the 19th Dec., and that the *Sherbrook*, Capt. Longford, was to sail the first fair wind for Mobile.

Bell's Life in London of the 18th Dec., states, that "at a recent Racing Meeting in America, the winning horse did the first four miles in 7:30 (seven min. thirty sec.,) and "the repeat," in 7:49"—which intelligence has the merit of novelty at least to recommend it, though every one must be aware it is either an error or "a bounce!"

Sam Day (the ould'un,) and Roe, late head man at John Day's, have taken the late William Day's stables, at Ascot Heath, and commenced as public trainers, with every prospect of success.

Mr. Sadler has sold half his interest in *Defender* (2d favorite for the Derby, 1837), to Mr. John Day, on condition that the latter shall train him for all his engagements during the year.

A grand Trotting match, for 50*l.* aside, came off over a public road near London on the 6th Dec., between Mr. Sterling's br. h. *Springer* and Mr. Roger's b. m. *Meg*—owners riding. The weights were 14 stone, and the distance nine miles and a half. The match was won by Springer by about 15 yards, Meg having broke up twice, and according to agreement, each time turned round. The pace part of the way was at the rate of twenty-five miles the hour, and the nine miles and a half were trotted in *twenty-five minutes!* [Our authority for the above is Bell's Life in London, but we respectfully beg leave to decline giving it perfect credence. At this rate, Springer would trot about 24 miles within the hour!]

A recent sporting affair—a pony match in harness, from London to Brighton—has excited a great sensation among the owners of trotting nags. It was a match, 100*l.* to 50*l.* that Capt. Beecher's pony *Black Bess*, (a lineal descendant of the Highwayman, Turpin's famous mare of that name), beat Mr. Hodges' dun pony *Clampfield*, in travelling from London to Brighton. Mr. Hodges is a gentleman well known on the London Stock Exchange; Capt. Beecher is the celebrated steeple chase rider, shot, etc. The road had been recently gravelled, and was heavy most of the way; however, the Captain did the first seven miles in 30 minutes, and after stopping on the road three times to refresh Black Bess with gruel, he finally galloped her into Brighton at the rate of sixteen miles an hour—Clampfield "nowhere." The Captain won all his bets on time, and performed the distance in four hours and forty-eight minutes. The first thirty miles were performed in one hour and fifty-eight minutes. The distance from London to Brighton is 52 miles.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Charlotte Russe, the beautiful sister of *Trifle*, whom she greatly resembles in form and action, to say nothing of the way she apparently has, of winning her races, is to be here at our second Spring meeting, with Col. Hampton's imported br. f. *Emily*, by Emilius out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, and perhaps two or three others in the Colonel's stable. The 4 yr. old stake to be run for at the second meeting, Union Course, promises a finer display than has ever been witnessed in this country. So many 4 yr. olds of equal promise have never been nominated in one stake to our knowledge. Indeed almost every one has already been a winner. See the subscribers.

Second Spring Meeting, 1837.—Two mile heats for 4 years old. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.

1. Wade Hampton names ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens " *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Also, " *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
4. R. F. Stockton " gr. r. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Also, " Imp. c. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri.
6. Robt. Stevens " *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

B. Boykin, Esq., of Mobile, has purchased of E. H. Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., the undermentioned blooded stock:—

Imp. br. mare *Sessions*, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826; got by Wanderer out of Centaur's dam, by Orville, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens.

Bay colt *Egremont*, out of the above, by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, son of Whalebone out of Thalestris—foaled in 1836.

Bay filly by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs. old, out of Jane, a bay mare by Drone, now stinted to Consol.

Price of the two first named, $3,500, and $1000 for the Leviathan colt.

"*The Three Marias*" deserve to be immortalized in the Spirit of the Times as much as "the three Fannies" in Blackwood. *Black Maria*, on Long Island, one of the best racers of her day, has a colt, Mr. Stevens tells us, nearly as large as herself. *Red Maria*, so famous in Louisiana and Mississippi, is to be sent to Chateau Margaux, while the beautiful *Bay Maria*, now owned by Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, he writes us, will be taken from the turf after this campaign, to grace the harem of Rowton.

Celus, one of the best imported horses in the country, stands next season at Mr. Corbin's stable, in Caroline Co., Va., as will be seen by an advertisement on the last page. In point of beauty and action, we are assured he has few equals. A correspondent writes, that, though his presence is not quite so imposing as was that of the renowned Sir Charles, yet in strength, shape, high racing form, etc., he is decidedly superior.

Natchez Spring Races.—"A Young Turfman" writes us that they will commence on Wednesday, 1st of March, and continue four days. He also supplies the dates on which several important matches come off, that may be seen on reference to the head of "Races and Matches to Come." All the horses named are now (9th Jan.) in Natchez, and are said to be in fine condition. It will be seen that *Hard Heart* and *Antelope's* match is *two* mile heats, for $3000 a-side, h. ft. 100 lbs. on each, and comes off on this day, the 28th inst. Hard Heart is a year older than the mare, who is now 7 yrs. or "aged," if horses in Mississippi date their age from 1st Jan. The match between *Hinda* and *Prince Talleyrand* is to come off on the 30th inst. It is four mile heats, $5000 a side, h. ft., 100 lbs on each. We are informed a match has been concluded between *Fanny Wright* by Bertrand, and *Naked Truth*, by Leviathan, four mile heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft., feather weights, to come off on the 20th Feb., over the Pharsalia Course.

Anvil will stand next season at the farm of the Hon. Balie Peyton, 3½ miles west of Gallatin, Tenn., on the stage road to Nashville, at $30 the season, and $40 to insure.

New Orleans Spring Races commence over the new Eclipse course on the 2d Tuesday, 14th March. The purses are splendid, as will be seen by the advertisement on last page. They amount to *Six Thousand Four Hundred Dollars!* The purse for mile heats is $500—2 mile heats $700—3 mile heats $1000—4 mile heats $2000—best 3 in 5, mile heats, $1200—2 mile heats, 6th day, New Orleans Plate, of the value of $1000. For this last purse 4 yr. olds and under carry their appropriate weights, while 5 yr. olds and over carry 100 lbs. Capt. Oliver writes us that he shall probably have three meetings per annum, and that his purses will be increased hereafter. The new course is nearly completed, and the track will be excellent, though it has beem made so, Oliver says, "at an almighty cost." If any one choses to send him on speculation 5000 loads of Long Island sand, he promises to "let him into a good thing."

We regret to announce the death of Col. W. Hampton's splendid bay colt *Post Captain*, imported last Fall into S. C. He was foaled in 1835,—got by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, the dam of Post Orbit, Posthumus, Posthaste, etc., and was purchased for 320 guineas at the last annual sale of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, having been bred by his Majesty, William IV. He died on the 17th inst. from some internal injury, in consequence of his violent efforts to free himself from the mouthing-bit and fixtures. He was a very promising colt, and his death is a serious loss to his spirited owner and the turf.

Skating.—The Westchester Herald says that two men, wishing to go to New York from Poughkeepsie, left that place about 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, of last week, on skates, and proceeded down the river,—and came on shore at half-past 4 in the afternoon, about two miles below that village; having skated the whole distance, *forty-seven miles!* There is said to be capital skating within two miles of the City Hall, in the vicinity of 26th street.

A good deal of *chaffing* has been going on of late between the *Duquesne Boat Club*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the *Falcon Boat Club*, of Louisville, Ky. The Falcons are said to have backed out. We are not quite so positive about *that*, but it is certain they did not "stand up to the trough" in the "no mistake" style so characteristic of Old Kentuck.

Though we have little partiality for the sports of the Ring and the Pit, readers who take an interest in such things have a right to be entertained occasionally with articles on the subject. We have frequently been solicited to give "something about Cock-fighting"—a popular sport in various sections of the country—and to oblige a portion of our readers, have selected, from a curious and exceedingly rare work in our possession, an interesting chapter on the subject, which will gratify many and amuse all. The article was written by Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "Life in London," etc.—one of the most popular sporting writers of the day.

Great Shooting.—A gentleman residing near Columbia, S. C., wrote us, Jan. 18th:—"My son killed yesterday, with a young friend, 20 brace woodcock, 1 pair wild ducks, and a turkey, of some 20 lbs.—not so bad, as I had company engaged to dinner to-day."

Columbia S. C. Races.--Last Day.

Fifth and last Day, Jan. 7, 1837.—For a beautiful service of Plate, value $400. ent. $100. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to *Trifle*, 3 yrs. 87 lb	1	1
Col. J. R. Spann's ch. f. *Betsey Baxter*, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 4 yrs. 99 lb	*	*
Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's s. f. *Mary Cooper*, by Childers, out of Lady Hunter, 4 yrs. 99 lb	*	*
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs. 99lb.	*	*

Won gallantly by Trifle's own sister, without extending herself. The time of the two heats we have not heard. We cannot give the placing. The track throughout the meeting was excessively heavy.

Match between Plato and Go-it Jerry, for $2,000 aside!

Plaquemine, La., Jan. 2, 1837.

Dear Sir—I was not present at the race between Plato and Go-it Jerry. I send you, however, the result: the time noted is official.

Plaquemina (La.) Course, Dec. 1, 1836.—Match for $2,000 aside, half forfeit. Mile heats.

Mr. Thomas Picket's b. g. *Plato*, by Bertrand, dam by ———, aged, 90 lbs	1	1
Mr. Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Go-it-Jerry*, by Jerry, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 90 lbs	2	2

Time, 2:9—2:8.

Odds—2 to 1 on Jerry; won easily. It was said that Jerry was injured in one of his fore legs: with the track in very much the same order, he won the two mile day at our last Spring meeting, being second the first heat (won by *Annot Lyle*) in 3:58—3:56—4:4.

This race drew together a large concourse of people; but I am informed that but little money changed hands.

I propose sending you shortly a full statement of our Purses, Sweepstakes, &c., for the next Spring meeting. In the meantime, it may be well enough to state that, by information just received from W. J. Minor, Esq., I learn that the Natchez Spring meeting will take place the first week in March—at New Orleans the third week in March—our own meeting (Plaquemine) will take place, I presume, the first week in April, and the meeting at St. Francisville, the third week in April.

By this arrangement the Purses of the four Clubs are thrown open to competition with each other, and the general interests of the turf will be promoted by a free intercourse, which has in some measure been hitherto rendered impossible or inconvenient.

I am glad to see that you remind *some* of your correspondents "*not to forget the pigtail.*" I trust that you have many that do not need the hint. I, for one, have too much respect for an editor who *caters* so well for my amusement, to expose him to the necessity of paying for and then reading my communications.

Your friend and serv't., HERSEY.

MEMOIR OF SHAKSPEARE.

Imported by Dr. A. T. B. Merritt into Virginia in 1835.

[*Compiled expressly for the New York Spirit of the Times.*]

Shakspeare, a large brown horse, bred by Mr. West in 1823, was got by the famous Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens, her dam Comedy, by Beningbrough—Mrs. Jordan, by Highflyer—Harriet, by Matchem—Flora, by Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Bay Bolton—Belgrade Turk.

Smolensko was the best son of Sorcerer, and perhaps the most popular and favorite stallion of his time. Rubens was own brother to Selim, sire of Sultan, Langar, &c., and Castrel, sire of the Queen of Trumps' dam, &c. These three horses were most fashionable and successful stallions. Camarine's dam was a Rubens mare, as was Rowton's grandam. Beningbrough was the best stallion of his day, being the sire of Orville, Scud, &c. Highflyer was not only the best son of Herod, and the best racer and stallion of his time, but the best probably ever in England. So of Matchem, Regulus, the best son of the Godolphin Arabian,—Bartlet's Childers, &c., it may be justly said, that they were the best of their time.

Shakspeare's first race was for the Derby of 1826, when he ran second to Lapdog, beating 17 others, (57 subscribers.) 13 to 1 against Shakspeare, and 50 to 1 against Lap-dog, who won *by accident*, as the following evidence will show:—

Shakspeare "ran second to Lap-dog, and but for the circumstance of his being ridden by a lad, would inevitably have carried off the stakes."—New Sporting Magazine, vol. vii. p. 2.

The Sporting Magazine, (New Series,) p. 69-70, speaks of this race as a good, honestly run one, and adds, "they continued at a famous pace to the end." In another place it is said, "the race for the Derby was prodigiously fine; and had Mr. West had an old jockey upon his horse" (Shakspeare), he could not have lost it.

In the Annals of Sporting for 1826, it is said, "a very honest, fast, true run race was ended by Lord Egremont's winning the Derby of 1826." The writer adds, that "he thinks Shakspeare would have won, but for the bad riding of his jockey."

"A strong resemblance in both Derbys (1817 and 1826) here struck me—both races being won by outside horses, and the *second* horses being the *best* of the lot."—Sporting Magazine.

The celebrated writer, Nimrod, in the same work, says, "Mr. West's chance was given away in a manner still more annoying. His horse Shakspeare was right well; his trial with Claude Loraine satisfied his owner that he had a *first rate* nag, but he came to the post on very unequal terms—with only a country boy to ride him, against all the best jockies in England." Nimrod then gives an account of a visit to Shakspeare's stable, and speaks in the highest terms of him, pronouncing him "a racer of the highest form." A rare compliment!

Bibury, June.—The Bibury stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages. 12 subs. 2 miles.

Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 123 lb	1
Rapid, 4 yrs. 117 lb	2
Reality, 5 yrs. 123 lb	3

7 to 4 on Shakspeare. Won easy.

Next day.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. Red post in. 6 subscribers.

Shakspeare walked over.

Warwick, Sept. 5.—The Leamington stakes of 25 sovs. each, &c., with 100 added, for all ages. 2 miles. 37 subs.

General Mina, 6 yrs. 118 lb	1
Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 96 lb	2
Cain, 4 yrs. 107 lb	3
Cricketer, 4 yrs. 111 lb	4
Enamel, 4 yrs. 123 lb	5
Sir Gray, 5 yrs. 121 lb	6

3 to 1 against Shakspeare, and 7 to 1 against the winner.

Sept. 7.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. Colts, 8 st. 6 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb. One mile. 10 subs.

Leviathan	1
Shakspeare	2
Chesterfield	3

Northampton, Sept. 13.—The cup, value 100 gs., by 15 subscribers, of 10 gs. each, for horses of all ages. *About 3 miles.*

Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 96 lb	1
Barytes, 4 yrs. 116 lb	2
Velasquez, 4 yrs. 116 lb	3

Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Oct. 22.—Fifty pounds for 3 yrs. old and upwards. Across the Flat.

Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 116 lb	1
Hobgoblin, 3 yrs, 112 lb	2
Lap-dog, 3 yrs. 116 lb	3

Logic, Premier, and 4 others started, but were not placed.

2 to 1 against Shakspeare, and 5 to 1 against Lap-dog. Won easy.

"Among these may be reckoned the grandees and Dons of the day. Shakspeare, who OUGHT to have won the Derby, first; Hobgoblin, second; Lapdog, who DID win the Derby, third; with others of note, but without a chance. Cliff rode the winner, and though far advanced in years, equal to any thing in his best days, and obtained for himself a name that will last as long as England is true to herself—namely, *Shakspeare's* Cliff."—Sport. Mag. Shakspeare's owner, Mr. West, was also called "*Shakspeare* West."

Oct. 24, Shakspeare, 107lb., beat Bizarre, 6 yrs. 128lb., a match for 200 gs., across the Flat; 2 to 1 on Shakspeare. Won easy.

"The Old Forrester," in the Sport. Mag., pronounces "Shakspeare the best of the South-country horses," and says "Lapdog was the winner of the Derby by great good luck, and Mr. West's kindness in putting up a lad on Shakspeare against George Dockery."

Another writer in the same work, speaking of the best colts of Smolensko, names Jerry, Shakspeare, Banker, Picton and Borodino, and adds that Shakspeare was "unquestionably one of the best three year olds of 1826."

Nimrod, in his "Yorkshire Tour," speaks of Mr. West's, as "*Shakspeare* West, from having bred that celebrated horse, etc."

In 1827, Shakspeare started once, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, for the Craven Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. A.F. In this race he ran second to Alderman, beating a large field. Betting, 5 to 4 on the field against Shakspeare, and 4 to 1 against the Alderman. The race was lost by Shakspeare's breaking or dislocating his ankle, from which he never recovered fully.

In 1828, he paid ft. once, and started once.

Newmarket Second October Meeting.—Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages—T.Y.C.

Shakspeare, 5 yrs. old, 126lb.	1
Helenus, aged, 126 lb	2
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias, 3 yrs. 96lb.	3
Soldan, 4 yrs. old, 112lb.	4

The Sporting Magazine says of this race, that "Shakspeare, carrying 9 st., won it, beating Helenus (a very fleet horse) and two others, cleverly; shewing that a break-down and a year's rest do not destroy *all horses*."

In 1829, he started once, but was beat. The above were the only times of his starting. It was now plain, that his injury would prevent his running in his former high form, and he was withdrawn from the turf.

He covered several years in England, at Newmarket, at Bildeston (1833—1834), the seat of Mr. Robert Wilson, and at Dawly Farm, where he was farmed by Mr. Tattersall, in 1835. In 1836, he covered in Brunswick County, Virginia.

Shakspeare is a large horse, sixteen hands high, of good action, very superior and magnificent form, great strength and beauty, and handsome dark bay or brown color. In his memoir, in the New Sporting Magazine, he is described, as "a fine, noble-looking animal, with a good deal of the Smolensko form about him."

Until Shakspeare served the Bildeston stud, he got few good mares. One only of his get started before 1836. Dromio, a very promising colt, and favorite for the Derby, met with an accident, which prevented his running in public; otherwise, his trainer, the famous Scott, said "he would have figured for the Derby." Last year, Shakspeare's two year olds performed very well, and it is doubted if any young stallion in the kingdom had as many two year old winners, except Priam. They won principally at *Newmarket*. The following are some of the races, at Newmarket.

1836.—Newmarket Second October Meeting, Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for two and three years old—T.Y.C.

Bay filly, by Shakspeare, out of Twatty, 2 yrs. old, 6st.	1
Bay colt, by the Colonel etc., 3 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Partner, by Partisan, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	3
The Drummer, by The Colonel, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	0
Fair Jane, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb	0
Spruce, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.	0
Morison, 2 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.	0
Marchesina, 2 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb	0

Several of these are very good runners.

Same Meeting. Edgar, by Shakspeare, beat Candia, by Sultan, a match, T.Y.C., for 50 sovs.

Newmarket First October Meeting, Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. &c. T.Y.C.

Rosabel, by Shakspeare, 2 yrs.	1
Bay filly, by Priam, out of Zillah, 2 yrs.	2
Mariette, 2 yrs.	3

Newmarket Houghton Meeting.—The Palace Stakes of 100 sovs. &c.: (5 subscribers.)

Rosabel, by Shakspeare, 2 yrs.	1
Cassandra, 2 yrs	2

Three paid.

Parolles, by Augustus, or Shakspeare, (*the latter most probably*,) has also won last year. This is a very large number of two year old winners, very few, even of the best horses, having more than one or two winners of that age, the first year their colts appear.

That Shakspeare was a first-rate horse all accounts agree; and the result of last year's racing in England proves beyond a doubt, that *he gets capital stock*, able to win at the most fashionable courses, and against the best horses. M.

JOHN BASCOMBE WITHDRAWN.

In a letter to the Editor, published in this paper last week, Col. Crowell announced the fact of his having withdrawn *Bascombe* from the turf. The Augusta papers of a recent date contain the advertisement annexed:—

Notice.—John Bascombe's challenge, to run four mile heats against any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, over the Augusta Course, for $20,000, not having been taken, he will, agreeably to the terms of said challenge, be let to mares the ensuing season at Augusta, Ga.

Ample provision has been made for keeping mares sent from a distance, to remain with the horse. His pedigree, performances, and price of season will be published in due time. Augusta, (Ga.) Jan. 9th, 1837.

WITHDRAWAL OF RODOLPH'S CHALLENGE.

Lexington, (Ky.) Jan. 4th, 1837.

Major Thos. H. Pindell:

Dear Sir,—We have this day bought *Rodolph* from Mr. Dickey, one of his late owners, and as the race proposed by his friends in Lexington and its vicinity has not been accepted by the friends of *John Bascombe*, and most probably will not be, but as a race has been made on *Rodolph* to be run in Natchez on the 29th of April next, which renders it impossible for Rodolpn to remain longer in Kentucky, *we desire that the banter made on Rodolph against John Bascombe should be withdrawn*, that no disappointment or inconvenience may be suffered by any person concerned in the proposed match, as may happen if the challenge remains as it now stands until the first of next month. Respectfully,

G. W. V. McCONNELL,
J. KARSNER.

The above note, which we find in the Lexington "Observer and Reporter," was not received in season for this paper of last Saturday. We now place it upon record for reasons that may hereafter be given.

English Varieties.

BALLOONING IT TO PARIS.

Considerable curiosity has been excited by the Greens' 'Going up—up—up—' and much anxiety manifested to know where it is probable that he will come 'Down—down—down.' Before our number is given to the world, the public will know all about it. But in the meantime we give a few exclusive documents—thrown in at our first floor window by the extreme neatness of the aim of Mr. Monck Mason, who has got a mania for going up in balloons, and as he affects composition, his journeys may perhaps be undertaken in search of *airs* for some opera. We all know that our friend *Monck*, formerly undertook the management of the King's Theatre, about which he displayed the most *Monkish* ignorance. However, to the document we spoke of

'Half-past 1,

'Here we are,'

'C. Green, M. Mason, F. Holland.'

'2 o'clock,

'Messrs. Green, Monck Mason, and Holland, have passed majestically over a lamp post outside Vauxhall Gardens.'

'Half-past 2,

'To the Mayor of Greenwich.

'Who are you?

'C. Green, M. Mason, F. Holland.'

'3 o'clock.

'The balloon has caught in the palings of a *pigs-sty*, owing to the sudden springing up of a *snow*-wester.

'C. Green, M. Mason, F. Holland.

'Half-past 3,

'Mr. Monck Mason has just made a joke, which has so densified the air that we can see nothing. We throw this down at random, and if any of the authorities should by accident pick it up—Flare-Up, is all we have to say to them.

'Signed, C. Green, F. Holland.

'Witness—Monck Mason.'

'4 o'clock,

'We have now completely made up our minds to go wherever the wind happens to carry us. We got over the water, and feel ourselves very safe, particularly Mr. Monck Mason. The only thing worth remarking, is that nobody asked us for our passports.

'C. Green, M. Mason, F. Holland.

'Further particulars next week.' Figaro in London.

SWEEPS AND CONSULS.

The poor sweeps have been sufficiently persecuted without being done out of their hard-earnings in addition to their manifold grievances. Among other casual hardships to which they are incidently exposed, is one of a very gross kind, played off upon one of their tribe by Mr. Parkinson, the new envoy for Mexico. The hero of the soot-bag, thus addressed the Commissioners of the Court of Requests:—

Signor Commissioner, many a time and oft,
Upon the pavement have they rated me—
About my sooth-bag and my nuisances.
They've called me clergyman, chummy, and sweep,
And pelted me with mud and oyster shells.
But I have borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of our tribe.

The worthy Commissioner made extremely short work of this touching harangue, by demanding of the chummy what, in the name of God and Kingsgate-street, he wanted. The clergyman then came to the point, and stated that he had gone, by order, to the house of Mr. Parkinson, the new Envoy to Mexico—to sweep a couple of chimnies, together with a *flue*, and that he *flew* to the job with enthusiastic vehemence. When, however, the time came for paying, the Mexican representative of his Britannic Majesty offered a dirty bob for payment, and the indignant clergyman, taking the tender as an insult to his cloth, positively refused it, and now summoned Parkinson for the amount of two shillings.

The Mexican Envoy evinced the strongest possible disinclination to fork out, declaring that it was only for the good of the public that he resisted the demand of the Good of *Soot*. This excuse, however, did not by any means *suit*, and the Consul *Extraordinary* was *mulcted* of two shillings, the Commissioner declaring that his conduct was most *extraordinary* even for an *Extraordinary* Envoy. We regret extremely that the dignity of Great Britain should be compromised by sending out a man who has just attempted to *do* his sweep, as a representative of our most gracious sovereign. He would certainly have been an invaluable commodity to the late enterprising Mr. Belzoni, as a fine specimen of Mexican curiosities. We can only hope that the inhabitants of Mexico will not regard him as a specimen of the people of England. Though appointed by a liberal ministry, he is evidently opposed to *sweeping measures*.

Figaro in London.

WORDS ON THE WEATHER.

BY JOYCE JOCUND, ESQ.

'Tis true misfortunes never do come singly, they always hang together!
And I'd ask the oldest man, whether he ever remembers anything *like* this weather?
I really thought we should have had the last of it, that it could not *last*;
Yet every day, for months, has been exactly like "Good Friday"—"*a reigning* FAST."
Some folks declare that Drury-lane's receipts don't pay the outgoing,
I only wish the manager's house was like ours, "mightly *overflowing*"
With "real water," a sort of "Sadler's Wells," no "standing-room for dwellers.
Our pit is always full—'stead of the pit, I mean the cellars.
There's my fine choice madeira, making another voyage, I'm mightily afraid;
While the port and sherry just want a little nutmeg and sugar to be negus ready made;
And the rain and the ALE's so mingled with the bottled porter near,
That, wanting some, I'm like a corpse at sea, waiting my "*watery* BIER."
Then, I can't keep a servant, for that plaguy cook's given warning,
And says, she "doesn't like a place where the coppers and kettles fills *themselves* every morning;"
And the housemaid was well nigh swept away with her broom, only the footman caught her;
He plunged into the coalhole—the drunken beast, he don't care a fig for—*water!*
And there's another, who always laughs as matters are growing worse,
But then, it's all in her way of business, seeing she's a "*wet-nurse.*"
However, necessity has no law, and one's nerves begin to harden,
So the gardener has been steering a washing-tub about the grounds and garden,
And has picked up several floating things; among the rest he found
Eight out of the fourteen chickens that a month ago were drowned;
This so encouraged him, that he made for the high-grown sedges,
But the ducks were *better off* than the fowls—they swam away clean over the hedges.
No wonder that the timid turkeys were swamped, as they'd nobody to mind 'em!
But I'm glad the geese are quite safe, at least he could not find 'em;
Yet I *was* vex'd to see the body of old Towler floating like a log,
The rain *must* have been tremendous to drown him in the KENNEL, poor dog!
Wife and children have been so long confined, they kick up such a rout,
That I've engaged an EIGHT-OARED CUTTER this very day to come and take them out.
Well, this I *will* say, in conclusion, that, 'twixt here and Dover,
Than I there's not a man more loyal! God bless the King! but I *do* sincerely wish "*this* RAIN *was* OVER!"

Thursday Morning, Dec. 8, 1836. Sunday Times.

LONDON POLICE.

Union Hall.—*A Theatrical Aspirant.*—On Saturday Joseph Hines, a young man, was brought before Mr. Traill for disorderly conduct in the Waterloo road, personating the character of Jim Crow, and singing the popular air in the piece now performing at the Surrey Theatre. A policeman of the P division stated that on the preceding night his attention was called to a crowd in the Waterloo-road, and, on going up, he saw defendant in the midst, with his face blackened, and a negro cap upon his head, singing "Jim Crow" as loud as his lungs would enable him; he was also throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes, striking about with his arms at all the persons who approached him; and the disturbance he created by his foolish conduct rendered it impossible for the passengers to go along the foot-path, and, in fact, caused such an impediment, that it was necessary to take him away, as he refused to desist, expressing his determination of going through his character. When at the station-house he was not quiet, but indulged for the greater part of the night in singing "Jim Crow" and "Yankee Doodle," and nothing could stop him.

The Magistrate—Well, young man, what have you to say to the charge?

Defendant—I was only singing "Jim Crow," your Worship, and thought there was no harm in it.

Magistrate—There was no harm in singing the song, certainly; but you had no business to remain in the road and collect a crowd to the annoyance of the neighborhood.

Defendant—I heard the song at the Surrey, and I was only practising a bit, as I liked the *hair* werry much indeed.

Magistrate—But you must practice at home, and not in the streets. Why did you blacken your face and go out into the road to sing the song?

Defendant—I have a notion of off'ring myself to a theatre, and I was trying just to see how the public would be likely to receive me before I come out upon the boards, your Worship. If you let me go you shall not see me here again.

Magistrate—If you are bent upon going upon the stage, why don't you offer your services at some theatre, and not prostitute your talents by singing in the public streets? [Laughter]

Defendant—I only wants a patron, that's all; if I had a line from your Worship, I would have no objection to give a little specimen of what I can do.

Magistrate—No, I have no desire to hear your vocal powers, especially after what I have heard about the noise and uproar you made in the station-house; not satisfied with your performance in the streets, you gave a repetition of your singing qualifications in the station-house.

Defendant—But my abilities, your Worship, are not confined to songs alone; I can hact too, and that werry well, so they tell me; and I only wants an opportunity of showing managers what I can do.

Magistrate—You must have an introduction through some other channel. I am afraid that if you mention that you have been at Union-hall it will not be likely to tend to your advantage by any means; but as you promise not to give a repetition of Jim Crow in the streets, I shall now discharge you.

Defendant—Thank'ee, Sir. Then I will try Mr. Davidge, and if he gives me a chance I know I shall make a hit; that's all. Satirist.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE RAIL ROAD.

A most immense sensation has gone abroad in the city, owing to a report that that great functionary, his Holiness, the Lord Mayor, is actually going in state to open the Greenwich Rail-road, and have a sixpenny ride in a first class carriage, by way of encouragement to the undertaking. Certainly, where the Lord Mayor goes, all the cockneys are in duty bound to follow, and his heroic example of vaporic locomotion is worthy of universal imitation from one end of the city to the other.—We cannot too highly applaud the intrepidity of his Lordship, in risking his most sacred life upon the uncertain path of an iron railway. The valor which can prompt him to this noble deed cannot be too highly estimated, though some ill-disposed persons say that we have so much accustomed him to being *blown up*, that it is impossible he can feel any doubt or apprehension from the bursting of the boiler. We, too, it is said, have so often *roasted* him, that if he were now to be injured by *boiling*, the thing would almost be an agreeable change for him. We understand that a grand procession will accompany his Lordship. The following is the order:—

Blackguards.
Hobler.
More Blackguards, arm-in-arm, with Young Scales at their head.
The Lord Mayor in a Safety Cab
A Solitary Blackguard.
Scamps, two-and-two.
All the Aldermen.
Mrs. Copeland in an Open Fly.
The Children in a Go-cart.
More Blackguards.

This will close the performance, and a loud flourish of dustmen's bells will announce its arrival and its departure. Figaro in London.

MR EDWIN FORREST.

This gentleman, universally allowed to be one of the
Greatest Tragedians that ever trod the Stage,
has made a most powerful impression in this country.
IN ORDER TO GRATIFY THE
READERS OF FIGARO IN LONDON,
and without regard to expense, an eminent Artist has been engaged to furnish a
Fine and correct Portrait of Mr. Forrest!
Which is sold to
ALL THE PURCHASERS OF "FIGARO"
of Saturday, October 29.
BUT TO NO ONE ELSE, FOR
ONE PENNY!!
☞ THE NUMBER AND PORTRAIT WILL BE KEPT ON SALE.

[We have received our's with "Figaro," and *such* a "portrait" it is. We should like our readers to see it—it would afford them a hearty laugh.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*]

The two magnificent carriages now building for the Emperor of the Brazils will not be ready before the middle of January next. They are decidedly the most superb vehicles ever constructed in this or any other country. With the harness the order has been extended to £25,000

The youthful son of Sir Gore Ouseley, who has been more than once alluded to as one of the musical prodigies of the age, is said to have completed an opera; the young composer is only eleven years of age.

Le Diable Boiteux.—A curious edition of the New Testament was published in 1552, with many wood-cuts of singular character. The engraving to the 8th chapter of St. Mathew represents the devil, with a wooden leg, sowing tares.

It is not a little curious, says a London morning paper, that the Manchester papers should publish every week an account of the "alarming state of illness of De Beriot" since the decease of Malibran. We understand, however, that he was in robust health last week, and at a private party played a concerto in his best style.

A witness in the Central Criminal Court was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity. "Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. She sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe her; but when she undertakes to tell anything for a fact, I believe her as much as I do the rest of my neighbors."

It is currently reported that Mr. Stephen Price will take the helm at Drury-Lane theatre after Christmas. Mr. Bunn, it is presumed, means to turn his attention towards the English Opera House, where foreign performances have supplanted those of native composers. Sunday Times.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have netted £1500 by the three weeks' engagement which they fulfilled at the Liverpool Theatre Royal, immediately after the festival.

There is only one person now living, since John Bannister's death, who performed on the stage of the first Drury Lane theatre with Garrick, and that is the once celebrated *Harlequin* Byrne, father of Oscar Byrne, who is still active, and enjoys excellent health.

The *Musical World* announces that Madame Ronzi de Begnis, so long a favorite in this country, has resumed, at the Tentro Valle, at Rome, her character of "Prima Donna Seria." She was greatly admired in Italy, and so great was the pleasure afforded by the prospect of her re-appearance, that it is said the music-loving Romans could scarcely refrain from taking off their hats to the yard and a half long posting-bills in which the fact was announced.

Jim Crow.—Mr. T. D. Rice and Tom Parry, the author of "Damp Beds," &c., start at Christmas on a tour through the provinces. They play at Liverpool the first week in January, and the following at Manchester. Mr. P. has written a new broad farce, in which they are both to appear. We believe Yates offered to secure Jim 30*l.* per week, and take the chance upon himself, which was refused.

Mr. Bunn is still confined to his room, at Drury-lane theatre, from the remaining effects of an injury received last week, when riding on horseback. It is said that this will be his last feat in equestrianism, as he has intimated his intention to dispose of his *hunter*.

Young Grimaldi and T. Dibdin.—The late young Grimaldi boasted a vernacular peculiarly his own. If he had had a companion to cope with him, in six weeks they would have forgotten the English language, and framed an entirely new tongue. He (Grimaldi) never used any phrase recognised by society; for example, Mr. T. Dibdin, during the frequent illness of Mr. Grimaldi, senior, one day asked the son very earnestly after his father. "Oh! the old buffer's as stiff as pitch," said the young clown. "Good God, Sir," said Dibdin, "you don't—you cannot mean to say that he is no more?" "No more," said Grimaldi, "he's as right as a trivet." "Shall we have the pleasure of seeing him this evening?" "'Course you will," replied Joe, "he's coming at darkey just to see the beauty of things."—[It may be necessary to say that Mr. Grimaldi meant that his father had thrown aside his crutches, could stand upright, ("all of a heap,") and was coming that night to witness the performances.]

A Sporting Pauper.—In the parish of Llanbister, in the county of Radnor, a pauper keeps seven couples of dogs; he receives 30*l.* a year for the rent of his house, independent of other relief; since Lady day, 1835, to the present time, he has also received 15*s.* for food for his dogs. He hunts hares in the autumn, and rats at other times.

Justice Patteson does *not* retire, after all. The report of his being "*hard* of hearing" arose, it is said, from his being *deaf* to certain hints respecting retirement, which he received from an influential quarter.

Lord Wm. Lennox, who still has an eye on his "late" wife, observed to Tom Cooke, that the Scotch divorce, and subsequent marriage to Wood, would not stand in law were he to dispute them in the English Courts. "Unquestionably," said Tom, "the position of Mr. and Mrs. Wood upon the stage of life is very equi-*vocal*." Satirist.

H. Phillips was *saint*-ly harsh in his condemnation of Mrs. Wood, when she left her blinking Lord—is he, we wonder, as severe in the condemnation of himself in regard to Miss, or as she is now called, "Mistress" Fanny Healy?

"Forrest must be a clever man—his name implies *that*," said Tom Cooke to Harley. The latter affected a curiosity to know why. "Of course," continued Tom, "his talent must be *universal*, for a *Forrest* must include every *branch* of the profession."

A Chelsea pensioner was brought up to Marlborough-street, charged with being drunk. In his defence he said it was all owing to "human weakness." Charley Pearson differs entirely with the old soldier on this "pint," and believes, on the contrary, that your steady-going sobriety is the general result of "human weakness," men's heads not being "strong" enough to bear good liqaor.

"In the House of Correction at Boston," says an American paper, "there are two hundred women in one room, who work industriously, and never *talk!*" This is somewhat singular, but in the House of Lords, in England, we have several hundred ancient *dames* who are constantly employed in doing mischief. These venerable harridans ought to be sent to a house of correction, for they are incessantly *talking* and yet *say* "*nothing*!"

Miss Martineau, it is stated, is about to publish a book on the "*United* States," this, we understand, is a joke of the publisher, her forthcoming work being in reality on the subject of matrimony.

The following offer was made on Thursday last to single gentlemen:—"A respectable female is desirous of obtaining a situation as housekeeper with a single gentleman. She has a thorough knowledge of domestic concerns, *would have no objection to a small family*, and would feel anxious to make herself useful to her employer."

Lord Lyndhurst at Paris.—The London Times, a short time since, assigned the "engagements" of Lord Lyndhurst at Paris as the sole reason for his Lordship's not joining a party of the leading Conservatives at Sir Robert Peel's, at Drayton, to which party, however, we, in common with the generality of persons, shrewdly suspected that the noble and learned lord never was invited at all. Be this as it may, the engagements of the ex-chancellor, if any credit is to be given to the gossip of the salons of Paris, have not been precisely of the nature that might have been expected from the staid years and judicial gravity of the ex-chancellor. Among the *on dits* of the day, it is currently reported that the noble and learned lord has been very assiduous in his attentions to a Miss G——, a young lady of blooming twenty-five, Hebrew extraction, and ample fortune; and report says that these assiduities have not been thrown away, but that his Lordship is now a thriving wooer. The noble and learned Lord has long been known as a votary of Cupid, as the Carlton Club, unless Fame be an arrant liar, have ere now known to their cost. We rejoice to think that, in the present instance, the bonds of Hymen are likely to be added to those of love. We know not whether his Lordship has been thought to be a fortune-hunter in love as well as in politics, but certain it is that this is not the first lady of fortune to whom the ex-Chancellor has been reported to have told an amorous tale since he became a widower. We once heard a wag of our acquaintance observe that, though long since promoted to higher office in the law, his Lordship has always remained *solicitor-general* to the ladies. We wish the learned ex-Chancellor all possible success on the present occasion.

A new actor, named Phelps, has lately made his appearance on the Exeter boards with great success. The Exeter critics speak of him as rivalling Kean, who first emerged from obscurity on the same boards.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler (late Miss Fanny Kemble) are living in great style at a country residence, some miles from Philadelphia, approached through a beautiful avenue of oak, perhaps the growth of 100 years. The house is handsomely furnished. The hot houses and conservatories are superb, and full of fruits and flowers. They seem quite happy in each other. He is very rich, and will inherit much more. They intended going to Europe this year, but were prevented by the death of a near relation, from whom he inherited a large sum.

Carlton Mercury.

Orthographical Analysis of "Devil."—A Methodist preacher, at South Shields, last Sunday, after remarking on the appropriateness of the above cognomen to the person designated by it, added—"The whole name is *bad*; if we take away the first letter, it is *evil*; take away another letter, it is *vile*; take away the next letter, it is *ill*; and the last letter itself has the sound of ***Hell***.

The Paris Rats.—One of the principal reasons for the long delay in removing the depot of the filth of Paris from Montfaucon, is the dispersion it would cause of the myriads of rats which have hitherto found their subsistence there, and which would, no doubt, assail the Faubourg du Temple, and probably cause the destruction of many houses. Various means of getting rid of this plague, previous to the proposed removal, have been tried in vain. Even poison has failed; and besides, this is attended with numerous dangers. The most successful expedient has been frequently hunting them with dogs. To render the slaughter more extensive, all their burrows or outlets are stopped at midnight, and then in the morning, the chase has been made by torchlight. On some of these occasions, as many as 45,000 of these animals have been killed of a morning. Their skins, when properly stripped off, without holes or other damage, are sold at one sous a-piece, to make gloves. During the last year, these *battues* have been very much attended; and two gentlemen, well known in the fashionable world, have been eager to join the sport with their dogs; and a third, who prefers finding his game closer at home, has, it is said, had numbers of them bagged, and brought to afford him amusement within his own territories, to the great annoyance of his neighbors.

Madame Garcia, the aged mother of the late Madame Malibran de Beriot, arrived at Manchester, on Thursday week, from Brussels, the object of her long journey being to endeavor to obtain the disinterment of the remains of her lamented daughter. She left De Beriot in an alarming state of illness, which has reduced him nearly to the condition of a skeleton. He suffers seriously from a violent cough, accompanied by spitting of blood.

Elopement.—An elopement took place in Dublin within the last few days, which has caused, as all such affairs do, a great sensation in the fashionable coteries—the niece of an Irish nobleman with a gentleman distinguished as a vocalist in the metropolitan cathedrals. They were married privately, and the fugitive pair fled some 30 or 40 miles northward after the ceremony, but deemed it better to return once more to their happy home.

Curious.—Mr. Anderson, book-binder, Castle-Douglas, has had for some time in his possession, a game-cock, which has thrice changed the color of its plumage. The bird is now about five years old, and during that time it has been nearly as white as a swan, and as often red. At this moment it is casting the white feathers, and fast resuming tints resembling the rouge on ladies' cheeks about to attend a Queen's Drawing Room. Our correspondent does not say whether these transformations produce any change on the voice or habits of the bird—that is, whether he changes sides in the politics of the poultry-yard every time he hoists a different flag; otherwise we would set him down at once as a Castle-Douglas Vicar of Bray. Perhaps it is not generally known that the hen pheasant, and more particularly the golden pheasant, assumes at the age of seven or eight years, the plumage of the male, and after this period is chiefly distinguishable by her smaller size. Dumfries Courier.

From a conversation which Rossini held lately with a distinguished Parisian vocalist, it would seem that the Swan of Pesaro, as he is termed by his countrymen, has sung his last song. Being asked when a new opera might be expected from him, he is said to have replied, "Why should I write anything more? If my opera should create a sensation, it would be nothing new to me; and if it should fail, I should be reproached with its failure to the end of my days, and vexed with myself for having risked it. No, with an income of sixty thousand francs, I can live as I please; let the others take their turn." It is said that Schlesinger, the Paris musical publisher, has in vain offered him a hundred thousand francs for the copyright of a new opera. Musical World

We are happy to announce a further triumph of Mr. Forrest, the great tragedian, and of course a further triumph on our part, of liberal and enlightened criticism, over ignorant malice and prejudice. Mr. Forrest's Lear is undoubtedly one of the grandest tragic performances that has been sesn in this country for several years; certainly there has been nothing like it since the death of Kean.—Our readers must go to see him act, if they wish to enjoy one of the finest dramatic treats that the stage at present affords. Figaro in London.

A Good Horse.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a quaker. "Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.—"Thee will be pleased to see him draw," answered Nehemiah. The bargain was closed, and the farmer, tried his horse, but he would not stir. He returned.—"That horse will not draw an inch." "I did not tell thee he would draw, friend," said the quaker, "I only remarked that thee would be pleased to see him draw: and so should I, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

BELLOW OF A CHANGE-ALLEY BULL, ON SEEING THE FIGURE OF JIM CROW* FOLLOWING THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Jim Crow! Jim Crow!
Why did you join the Lord Mayor's show?
Cruel it was to treat us so!
For when Exchequer-bills are *such* a price,
It is not fair to make us think of *Rice*.

Our very venerable Grandmamma—The Herald—whom we must admit to be scrupulously virtuous, should make better use of her spectacles in correcting the errors of the press. A report appeared in the morning papers of an attack made by a ferocious character on his wife; the statement terminated with a declaration on his part, that as "he had not seen her for many months, it was with him a sufficient reason to *beat* her." Whimsically enough, however, the *Herald* divided the word "beat" into two words, and hence it stood, "it was with him a sufficient reason to *be at* her." This is a very grievous error for a woman advanced in life. London Satirist.

Vagueness of Color.—A native of the land of the potato and bog asked a neighbor if he had ever seen a *red* blackberry?—"To be sure I have," said Pat, "all blackberries are *red* when they are *green*."

If Noah had been in the army instead of the navy, what would have been his name and rank?—*Major Arkwright.*

* The name given by the citizens to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.—Miss Charlotte T——, who attracted so much attention in Cheltenham last season, by the elegance of her dancing and dashing simplicity of her costume, who used to wear a certain lilac dress on the promenade—morning, noon, and night, is about to be married to a young officer, who, at one of the Rotunda balls in the early part of August, solicited the honor of her hand for a "next quadrille;" that is, if the match be not broken off by the interference of a certain titled relative, who is well known in the court circles of Brighton, and who is furiously opposed to it, the very young officer having supplanted his son in some affair of promotion a short time ago. Miss T——, *on dit*, has no expectations, except from this relative, beyond the third of her mother's jointure—little enough when united, but quite an insignificant bagatelle, should it ever have to be divided among three sisters; and for the young gentleman, he has at present only his half-pay. So, if they marry in Lord M——'s defiance, the "happy couple" will have an opportunity of enjoying love and a cottage according to Lady Blessington's notion. Indeed, mamma says the resemblance goes farther, and will have it that Miss T—— is the original of Arabella Wilton. Cheltenham Looker-on.

ORIGIN OF ALMACKS.—The rise of Almack's may serve to illustrate the mode in which this sort of empire was consolidated. A few pretty women, not in the highest rank of the nobility, met at Devonshire-house to practise quadrilles, then recently imported from the Continent. The establishment of a subscription-ball was suggested, by which none but the very *elite* were to be admissible; the subscription to be low, with the view of checking the obtrusive vulgarity of wealth. The fancy took, and when it transpired that the patronesses had actually refused a most estimable English duchess, all London became mad to be admitted; exclusion was universally regarded as a positive loss of caste, and no arts of solicitation were left untried to avert so horrible a catastrophe. The wives and daughters of the oldest provincial gentry, with pedigrees traced up to the Heptarchy, have been seen humbling themselves by the lowest acts of degradation to soften the obdurate autocratesses; and we fear it is no exaggeration to say, that more than one parvenu has been known to barter his vote in parliament, and more than one *parvenu* her honor for a ball-ticket. The *prestige* has gradually abated, and the institution is now tottering to its fall. Its origin is worth recording, as a ludicrous phenomenon in the progress of society. Quarterly.

A RARE POET.—An amusing case came before one of the London Commissioners, in November, on a demand of a bookseller, against a sentimental and consumptive looking young gentleman, about 20 years of age, wearing a round blue jacket, and his shirt collar turned down a la Byron, who was summoned for the payment of six shillings. When asked what he had to say for himself, he threw himself into attitude and replied, "Say, sir! why I could write a whole volume upon it. You must know, sir, I have a taste for poetry, and, having some idea of setting up in that line, I writ a great many fugitive pieces, sich as sonnets and sich like; and as it was my intention to employ Mr. Murray to publish 'em, I thought I'd have 'em all bound up together, so as to look deeent and tidy. Well, sir, and gentlemen of the jury, this here's the book, and I mean to say the binding's a disgrace to my genus." The Commissioner examined the thing, which was done up in blue morocco, and resembled a cyphering-book. "Will you allow me, sir," said the Commissioner, "to read a portion of it to the jury."—*Defendant*: "With inconceivable pleasure, sir." The Commissioner here read to the Court the following portion of a sonnet to Mr. Graham's balloon:—

"Great Gawky, wonder of the hupper skies,
Oh how I loves to see yer body rise;
There's lots of fear, altho' they tries to mask it,
As they hangs dangly in a wicker basket;
For me, when'ere I takes a hariel ride,
I means to book a place in the hinside—
And mounting hupwards to the hupper skies,
I shant feel giddy—cos I'll shet both hies!"

Although the whole court was convulsed with laughter, Master Slender maintained the most imperturbable gravity. There were odes to Daniel O'Connell—"Sonnets on my Mother," and a few tender epistles "To Sarah." The Commissioner, on charging the Jury, observed that the value of the binding could be estimated alone by a bookbinder. The contents of the books were mere rubbish; but it did not follow that the bookbinder was to charge an exorbitant price for what certainly papeared to be a very indifferent binding. The jury decided that 4s. was amply sufficient. Boston Transcript.

The Marquis of Waterford having purchased the celebrated steeple-chase horse *Monarch*, for 375 guineas, rode him himself on Friday at a steeple-chase, near Cashel, for a wager of 1,000*l*. This horse is considered one of the first steeple-chase horses in the three kingdoms, having won seven in his day. Limerick Chronicle.

TROTTING MATCH TO BRIGHTON.—A match which was kept very snug, came off on Saturday week, between a horse belonging to Mr. Hodges, of Sutton, driven by a Mr. Hall, and a mare (owner unknown) driven by Capt. Becher.—Though called a trotting match, it was in reality to "go" to Brighton, pace and route unlimited. They went off together at half-past 10, from the Elephant and Castle, doing the first mile or two at the rate of 12 miles an hour, but they soon rose into a race, which was maintained at the uttermost speed of the animals, until past the *thirteenth* milestone, when Hall stopped (this distance was completed in 1h. 31m (?). Capt. Becher went on, but at a very slow pace; Mr. H. overtook him, and another attempt was made at a race, but in vain, and the drivers dismounting led their horses for some distance; after baiting they went off together at a crawl, until within 13 miles of Brighton, where Mr. Hodge's horse showed symptoms of dissatisfaction, reared and plunged, and after kicking furiously broke the shafts; Mr. H. stopped and repaired, Becher going on; Mr. H. came up with him again, when about eight miles from Brighton, where the horse of the latter began to back; Mr. H. got out and led him (a man pushing on the chaise from behind); Becher now got a start, and his mare fresh wind, he went in at a good pace, Mr. H. coming in terribly distressed about 10 minutes after him. The whole distance was completed in *four* hours and *fifty-one* minutes (!)

TROTTING MATCHES.—On Tuesday a trotting match came off on Bromley-common; the thing had been kept extremely snug, and as the parties seem very desirous of preserving their *incognito*, we shall only deal in initials; it was a tradesman's match, 24*l*. to 20*l*. Mr. R.'s mare, *Flat-catcher* against Mr. P.'s *Nonpareil*. Flat-catcher to be driven by her owner, and Nonpareil by a Mr. P. (a gentleman in the employment of the owner.) The match was made at the George, Maises-hill; it was a friendly thing, and whatever betting occurred was confined to the friends of the respective parties. Nonpareil is a small black mare, eight years old, and showed want of condition; the ground trotted over was just two miles; commencing at the Plough, beyond Bromley-common, to come in at the Tiger, Bromley. Bromley-common as our readers probably know, was enclosed some 13 years since, and is now, in fact, a fair turnpike-road. The start took place at three o'clock. Nonpareil and Flat-catcher keeping well together for about a quarter of a mile, when Mr. P. urging the former, she broke into a gallop and was backed; unfortunately she repeated this once or twice, giving Flat-catcher, who went very steadily, a manifest advantage.—When in sight, from the Tiger, it was clear that the latter could only lose by an accident; she kept her superiority, and came in some lengths ahead, doing the distance in about seven minutes. Both Nonpareil and Flat-catcher have fine action, and are fast goers, but they are anything but first-rate trotters; the former is better at a long distance, and went much more steadily, when returning home after the race. If she be trained, the result may on a future occasion prove different; an aged white mare, also, belonging, as we understood, to Mr. P., and which he drove himself, trotted in a style that inclines us to believe she could have beat the winner. We should have stated when speaking of the pace, that the road, from the late rains, was very heavy.

The following noblemen and gentlemen are amongst the daily arrivals at the metropolis, Melton Mowbray:—Lords Macdonald, Seymour, Gardner, Rokeby, and Kinnaird, Sir F. J. Johnson, Bart., Rowland Errington, Esq., son, Esq., J. White, Esq., J. Moore, Esq., Count Bathyany, J. Campbell, Esq., W. L. Gillmour, Esq., — Smyth, Esq., — Gregg, Esq., Captains Feudall and Webster, — Villars, Esq., &c. Lord Wilton and family, Lord Eglinton, and several other distinguished noblemen, are daily expected.

ASCOT RACES.—We understand that the Eclipse Foot will be left with the Jockey Club, and his Majesty's gift of 200*l*. appropriated in a manner more likely to produce sport.

At a recent racing meeting in America, the winning horse did the first four miles in 7 min. 30 sec., and the "repeat" in 7 min. 49 sec. London Sunday Times.

RURAL SPORTS OF ENGLAND.—Sir George Head, an English tourist, and writer of some celebrity, recently performed a tour through the manufacturing districts of England, and has since published an amusing narrative of the sights and adventures which befel him on the way. Sir George witnessed the "Olympic games" of Southport. Among the most popular of those rural sports was the following: Ten shillings were immersed in a large bowl of treacle and stirred round. Every shilling fished up from this amalgam by any competitor having his hands bound behind his back, was the well earned reward of his daring deed. The first candidate was a lubberly lad of seventeen. All preparations were effected in a few minutes, his hands were bound, his throat was bared, he was placed kneeling on the table, the bowl of treacle before him, and was just ready to duck for the prize, when a desperate effort was made by his grandmother to prevent the ceremony. Recognizing the old lady while exerting her feeble strength to make way through the crowd, he grinned clownishly, and, as if giving way to a sense of duty, for a moment refrained. It was but for a moment. The sounds of "Go it Dick," "Down with your muzzle," were too animating, and urged by the joint love of fame, money, and treacle, down went his head into the bowl. His countenance more like that of an ourang-outang than any thing human, the disappointed rage of the grandmother, and the roars of laughter, proceeding from six hundred open mouths in unison, combined, presented, in their way, a picture of real life, seldom, if ever to be surpassed.

CULPEPER C. H. SPRING RACES FOR 1837.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run for over the Course of the Culpeper Ct. Hs. Virginia, Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1837.

1st. A Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, One mile and repeat; entrance $100, half forfeit. Four entries, and closed, viz:—

Robert E. Scott's Charles filly.	James Greene's Restless filly.
Absalom Hickerson's filly by John Richards.	William Cleveland's Charles filly.

2d. A Wheat Stake; 50 bushels entrance, 30 bushels forfeit; One mile and repeat:

Blucher Hansborough's colt by Snow Storm.	Lewis Wall's Macedonian filly.
John S. Greene's f by Restless.	Wm. & Philip Slaughter's ch f by Macedonian.
J. C. Gibson's f by Macedonian.	All 3 yr olds.

3d. A Stake will be open until the 15th of March, for 3 year old colts and fillies, now owned in Culpeper County, and any county adjoining, and counties next to adjoining counties, or which may have been raised in any of said counties; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30. Four or more to make a race. Already 2 entries. Any entry can be changed till 15th March.

4th. A Stake for any horse, mare, or gelding in the counties mentioned in 3d Stake, except Sybrant; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30; 4 or more to make a race. To close on the 15th March, up to which time any named entry may be changed.

Besides the above races, there will be a handsome purse given by the Proprietor, to be run for, Two miles and repeat, free for any horse. And it is understood that a match will be run at the same time, for $1000 a-side.

Culpeper C. H., Va., Jan. 4, 1837. [J21] THE PROPRIETOR.

SWEEPSTAKES AT TUSCALOOSA, Ala.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes Race with the following named colts and fillies, over the Tuscaloosa, Ala., Race Course, at the Annual Spring Races, Two mile heats; One Thousand Dollars entrance, half forfeit; agreeable to the Rules of said Club. The race to be run on the week of the regular Spring races, as fixed upon by said Club. But if there is no Spring races, then the race is to be run on the last Thursday of April, 1837, and the Club is to give a purse to be run for also on said day. Witness our hands this 16th day of Dec., 1836.

John B. Jones enters his bay filly *Zelina*, 4 years old next Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder. J. B. JONES.

William A. Leland enters his bay filly *Millwood*, by Cherokee, dam by Paragon. Carry 100lbs. W. A. LELAND.

J. A. Mabry enters his chesnut colt *Hugh Lawson White*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Old Conqueror, 4 years old next Spring. J. A. MABRY.

N. B. Starke enters his bay colt *Superior*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 3 years old next Spring. N. B. STARKE.

Dr. Withers enters his gray filly *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Old Bellair. ROBERT WM. WITHERS.

Half forfeit, and forfeit now staked.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes Race over the Tuscaloosa, Ala., Course, with colts and fillies foaled in the Springs of 1834 and 1835, One mile heats; Three Hundred Dollars entrance, half forfeit. To name and close by the 1st February, on Thursday of the week of the regular races.

John J. Jewell enters his colt *John Gayle*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet

J. A. Mabry enters his ch f by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Printer.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Jan. 2, 1837. [J21] ELI WELLS, *Asst. Sec'y.*

THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

NO. 18 South Sixth-street, opposite Minor-street, and between Chesnut and Market streets; Philadelphia.

This neat and commodious establishment, having undergone many material alterations in the hands of the present proprietor, is now offered to the public, as possessing peculiar and prominent advantages for the accommodation of travellers, whether single, or with families, or parties.

Being located in the centre of the business division, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable promenades and resorts of the city, it is peculiarly adapted to the convenience and accommodation of every variety of patronage with which it may be honored.

Possessing all the advantages of the largest Hotels, without the crowd, noise, and bustle attendant thereupon, it affords to visitors every privilege of the public house, with the quiet and comfort of a private residence.

By a strict attention to the larder, and a constant supply of every luxury that can add to the enjoyment of his guests, the proprietor hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. [J21] R. G. HERRING.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the first of July. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l*., and 600*l*. at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d24-6m]

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the next season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to
[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.
R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c., will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.
[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 22.

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.
mar 12

WANTED,

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N.B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BARNWELL, S. C. - - Annual Jockey Club meeting, Wednesday, 15th Feb.
BELFIELD, Va. - - - - Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carrou*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
FRANKLIN, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club, Eclipse Course, 2d Tuesday, 14th March.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Jockey Club meeting, Pharsalia Course, 1st Wednesday, 1st of March.
" " Match, 4 m. h. $5000 aside, h. ft. *Hinda* vs. *Pr. Talleyrand*, 30th Jan.
" " Match, 2 m. h. $3000 aside, h. ft. *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, 28th Jan.
" " Match, 3 m. h. $2000 aside, h. ft. *Fanny Wright* vs. *Naked Truth*, 20th Feb.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope* Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, —heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
TREE HILL, Va. - - - Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
WASHINGTON CITY. - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms hereafter. [J 21

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

SETTER DOG WANTED.

THE highest price will be paid for a beautiful and well broke Setter Dog, on immediate application to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [J28

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE.—The First Spring meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 14th March, 1837.

FIRST DAY—A Purse of $500, Mile heats, entrance $50.
SECOND DAY—A Purse of $700, Two mile heats, entrance $70.
THIRD DAY—A Purse of $1000, Three mile heats, entrance $100.
FOURTH DAY—The Louisiana Jockey Club Purse, $2000, Four mile heats, entrance $150.
FIFTH DAY—Mile heats, best three in five, for the entrance money of the preceding days, making, in all probability, a purse of $1200. Entrance, 10 per cent on the amount; free for any horse.
SIXTH DAY—The New Orleans Plate, consisting of a splendid Tea Service of Silver, valued at $1000. In this race 4 year colts and under will carry their appropriate weights, 5 yrs old and over will carry 100lbs. Entrance $100, four or more to make a race. The winner to take the plate or money at his option. Two mile heats.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the Union, conforming to the rules of the Club. The purse of each day will be paid to the winner in cash, without discount.

The proprietor has fitted up this Course at a heavy expense, with the intention of establishing a permanent and respectable Race Meeting, under the patronage of a Jockey Club, that will at once give confidence to all, and ensure us to have this amusement in its purity.

This new, and most extensive establishment of the sort in America, is situated immediately on the Rail Road from New Orleans to Carrollton, 4 miles from the former, and in the limits of the latter City. By this road, on racing days, 1000 persons can be conveyed every half hour, immediately to the course, for the small sum of 25 cents; the river road passes immediately by the track, and steamboats can land passengers within a few steps of the course. The track is exactly a mile, enclosed with a close plank fence, 10 feet high, railed on the inside. There is now in rapid completion a Stand, a large portion of which is fitted up for members of the Club and Ladies, capable of affording the most entire view of every part of the race to 6000 persons. The track will be one of the safest and quickest in the Union. The objections to racing heretofore in this vicinity will now be entirely remedied, as the track will be covered with sand and saw dust, rendering it good in any weather, and at all times free from mud or water. The accommodations for race horses are large, and inferior to none; the stables will be supplied with cistern water, in the mean time, convenient to the river there is now erecting a floating wharf that will render it entirely safe to land horses at all times.

The great facility of bringing race horses here, and the inducement of larger purses than are given by any two race courses in the Union, will assure the attendance of the best horses from all the surrounding States.

The Proprietor has received a letter from Mr. Garrison, of Norfolk, Virginia, stating that he is on his way here with a full stable. Amongst them are the celebrated Cippus, Miss Maynard, Virginia Graves, and others. Col. Bingaman, will be here, with the celebrated Angora, John Minor, Fanny Wright, &c. Mr. Minor, from Natchez, with Cathleen, and others. Messrs. Routh and Barrow with Alice Riggs, Prince Talleyrand, and Fanny Bell. Messrs. Wells' with the renowned Linnett, Exuo, Dick Chin, Wings, Longitude and Jane Elliott. Mr. Duplantier with John Beasley, Lauderdale and others. Col. Claiborne with the famed Susan Yandell, Antelope, Cassandra, &c. Col. Johnson, of Alabama, with Red Maria, Splendid, Forsaken Filly, and Betsey Rochleau. Mr. Hardin's stable will, in all probability, be here, as well as Mr. Stark's, and Mr. Jackson's Stables, from Alabama, Mr. Hurts, from Virginia, with several others from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia. These, with the Proprietor's own stable, Monmouth, Richard of York, Morris, &c., will ensure the greatest number of race horses and of greater celebrity than has ever been seen on any race course in the South.

The subscriber has for several years been the owner and proprietor of the race course at the City of Washington, District of Columbia, and feels confident that his knowledge of these matters will enable him to give satisfaction. He has received the assurance of almost all the owners of the above celebrated horses, that nothing shall prevent their being here. The public may probably never have it in their power again to witness such sport.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

N.B. The celebrated Carrollton Hotel is situated within 100 yards of the course, where gentlemen disposed to remain on the ground with their horses, can find accommodations in a style that must please the most fastidious. This establishment has recently gone under the superintendence of Mr. F. Bernard, formerly of Washington City, D. C., and will be conducted particularly in reference to the comfort of the Club and Racers during the week.

New Orleans, Jan. 10, 1837. [J28-7t]

NATCHEZ (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the first day of March next, over the Pharsalia Course, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, March 1—Two mile heats, purse $400.
SECOND DAY, Thursday, March 2—Three mile heats, purse $700.
THIRD DAY, Friday, March 3—Four mile heats, purse $1200.
FOURTH DAY, Saturday, March 4—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $500.

Free for all horses, agreeable to rule.

Natchez, 28th Dec., 1837. [J28-5t] W. J. MINOR, Sec'y N. J. C.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring meeting will take place on Tuesday, 25th of April. The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1st. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. B. Kendall, W. McCoun, Samuel Laird.

2d. Post Stake for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p.p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; to close on the 1st April; four or more to make a race.

[J28] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock of Blood Horses are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:

1. The iron gray horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, by Imp. Barefoot, dam Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse, grandam Lady Hamlet, by Hamlet, g grandam by old Imp. Messenger, g g grandam an imported mare.
2. The iron gray mare *Maria Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, 4 years old, out of the dam of No. 1.
3. The sorrel filly *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, by Andrew, out of the dam of No. 1.
4. The bay horse, *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of the grandam of No. 1.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address,

[J28-3m] JESSE W SEAMAN, corner of Beekman and South-st., N. Y.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season. A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

IMPORTED HORSE CETUS.

THIS justly celebrated Racer and Stallion will stand the ensuing season at "The Reeds," in the county of Caroline, State of Virginia, 14 miles below the Bowling Green, 4 miles from the White Chimneys, and 10 miles from Hanover Court House. He will cover at $75 the season—$125 to insure—and one dollar to the groom. Every provision will be made for the accommodation of mares, and also for servants that may be sent with them. Excellent pasturage will be afforded, and every attention will be paid to mares.

A memoir of Cetus will be prepared for publication in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times.

Meantime, the subjoined letters are published:

Copy of a letter from F. P. Corbin to R. B. Corbin.

Liverpool, July 1st, 1836.

You will be extremely pleased to learn, that by a piece of great good fortune, I have succeeded in purchasing Sir Mark Wood's celebrated Stallion *Cetus*. He is by Whalebone, out of Lamia, the dam of six or seven capital racers, and one of the best brood mares of the present century. In point of beauty, action, and elegance, no horse, native or imported, excels him. His reputation at Newmarket is *higher* than that of any horse sent to America, with the exception of Rowton. Cetus is now nine years old, having been foaled in 1827, and has covered within the last two years, some of the *very best mares in England*—among them Camarine, (the *best racer* of this century) Lucetta, &c. &c.

Copy of a Letter from F. P. Corbin to R. B. Corbin.

Liverpool, July 15th, 1836.

I enclose you a bill of lading for Cetus, and beg that upon its receipt you will go yourself to City Point, to see to the landing of him. You will, perhaps, think him too small, and doubtless the uninitiated will call him a *pony*, but I am sure that he would measure as much in every point as Henry, and that he is a *heavier* horse than Rowton. He is, too, as large every way as was his sire Whalebone, the *best Stallion* that England has bred since Eclipse and Sir Peter.

I beg that our mares, one and all, may be put to him next Spring, and that you will commend him, as you may *confidently and conscientiously*, to all your friends, in whatever quarter.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Mark Wood to F. P. Corbin.

Pall Mall, June 29th, 1836.

Dear Sir,—I have just received your note in relation to the purchase of Cetus. I am certain you have got a great bargain. I consider him, of all the horses I know in England, as the most likely to answer your purpose in America. His stock are large, healthy, and very promising; possessing the *best tempers and constitutions*, and added to these recommendations, he is one of the *best bred horses now in existence*. His performances on the turf were highly creditable. I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours, M. WOOD.

Copy of a Letter from Richard Tattersall to F. P. Corbin.

London, July 1st, 1836.

Dear Sir,—I send you a very good, trusty groom, to take charge of Cetus. He will go with him to America. I think you have made a most excellent bargain.

Yours, &c. RICHARD TATTERSALL.

Extract from a Letter from F. P. Corbin to R. B. Corbin.

November 23d, 1836.

A yearling colt by Cetus was sold at Newmarket a few days since for 400 guineas ($2000), and Tournament, also by Cetus, fetched 300 guineas ($1500). His stock are rather *above* the average size, and are not excelled in beauty by the get of any stallion in the kingdom. I say this *soberly* and *advisedly*. Tattersall says he has not seen *handsomer or a more racing-like Stock*.

N.B. The pedigree and performances of Cetus will be published in due season. [J28]

SWEEPSTAKES FREE FOR THE WORLD.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, with colts and fillies, then three years old, past, agreeable to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club, over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss., on the Tuesday of the week previous to the Jockey Club races, in the Spring of 1838. One Thousand Dollars Subscription, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To close on the 15th of Feb. next. Any nomination may be altered before that time, but no subscription can be withdrawn. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe will direct their nominations (post paid) to

W. J. MINOR, Natchez.

P.S. There are already five subscribers.

Natchez, Miss., Dec. 19th, 1836. [J14

PRODUCE STAKES FOR 1839.

WE, the undersigned, do hereby agree to run a Sweepstakes race, Mile heats, over the Pharsalia Course, on the Monday preceding the races of the Natchez (Miss.) Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1839, between the following *Bertrand Colts*, foaled last Spring; subscription $1000, forfeit $250; to be run agreeably to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. L. Bingaman names produce of Bertrand and Madge Wildfire.
O. Claiborne names produce of Bertrand and Lisbon Maid.
L. Coen names produce of Bertrand and Sally Nailor.

Natchez, Miss. Dec. 10, 1836. [J21-tf

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-moj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14, 1836. [J7]

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.
2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.; 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub. $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.
2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course* are *CLOSED*. January, 1837.

SPRING, 1837—Match, mile heats, one fortnight before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' colt, by Henry, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring, 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ch c, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names Imp. b f Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Charlotte Temple, by Lance.
3. Robert Tillotson names ch c by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b f by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.
6. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel Neill names c by Henry, out of Garland (brother to Post Boy).

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, ft. $250.

1. Wade Hampton names ch f Charlotte Russe, full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Also Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
4. R. F. Stockton names gr c Fergen, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Also Imp. c Langford, by Starch, out of Peri.
6. R. L. Stevens names Mortimer, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

FALL, 1837,—First Meeting.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

SPRING, 1838—First Meeting—3 year olds, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit [illegible].

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.
9. R. F. Stockton names ch c by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey.
10. Also ch f by Powhattan, out of Blanche.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
13. Wm. Gibbons names Saracen, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 yrs old, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda by Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
3. Also produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Fall, 1838—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $200, forfeit $50.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.

SPRING, 1839—First meeting. Match, mile heats, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones, and Mr. J. C. Stevens' colt by Henry, out of Romp.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, mile heats, between Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins, and Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Medoc.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—A match, mile heats, between the produce of Garland, by Barefoot, and the produce of Empress, by Gohanna, (Mr. Neill and Mr. Hamlin).

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old; the second in the race to receive back stakes: Mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, Mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dodds and Shark
5. Also produce of Celeste's Sister and Richard.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, Mile heats, between the colts of Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Mr. Robt L. Stevens, of New York.

FALL, 1839—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill, by Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria, by Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Shark.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Shark
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Terror.

SPRING, 1840—First Meeting—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Bianca, by Trustee.
2. Also produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn, by Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Henry.
4. Robt L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Trustee.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Trustee.
6. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Romp, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1840—Three years old, Mile heats; the 2d in the last heat to receive back stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced; entrance $1000, ft. $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe, by Henry.
5. Also produce of Black Maria, by Henry.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Geranium, by Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes, by Barefoot.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle, by Star.
10. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey, by Tonson.
11. Also produce of Jemima, by Barefoot.
12. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Barefoot.
13. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
14. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Trustee.
15. Also produce of Powancey, by Trustee.
16. Also produce of Monmouth's dam, by Trustee.
17. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones, by Barefoot.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Plenipo'.
19. Also produce of Lalla Rookh, by Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Henry.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

New York, January 5, 1837. [J7]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.